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Two Good Decisions

Mark up two helpful decisions by the revised Supreme Court. It has sustained the new AAA and has decided that Strecker need not be deported for membership in the Communist Party.

The AAA decision virtually reversed the position of the former Court in outlawing the original AAA. It did so, however, not directly but by a legal technicality hard for the layman to understand. Formerly the Court held that agricultural production was a local matter which could not be regulated by the federal government. Now it holds that what the government is controlling is not production but marketing—and marketing is interstate commerce and can be regulated. So, by obeisance to the right words, the New Deal can accomplish what it thought was necessary—though not so efficiently as if lawyers could think about real things. The new decision applies specifically to tobacco, but it will probably cover the other crop plans as well.

The Strecker case was thought to be important as a precedent, especially for the debate about whether Harry Bridges, West Coast maritime labor leader, should be deported. Strecker was for some years a member of the Communist Party. But the Court has decided that he cannot be deported, since he was not a Communist when he entered the country and was not one when he was arrested. It has not decided whether he could have been deported for Communist membership if he had been a party member on either of these occasions. Thus the precedent is limited and may not apply to Bridges, though it certainly won't make it any easier for his enemies to drive him out of the country.

Ersatz Security

The attitude of the Soviet Union toward British efforts to weld a stop-Hitler alliance has for a few weeks been a little mysterious; it will be somewhat clarified if recent reports are true. Russia, it is said, will sell arms and ammunition to Poland and Rumania if they are attacked; it will also contribute airplanes to a common aerial defense. More than this, the reports say, it will not do, possibly because neither of these smaller nations wants direct military ties with the Soviets.

All this reminds us of a pertinent passage in a speech delivered in New York on April 13 at a dinner of the American Council on Soviet Relations, by Constantin Oumansky, Chargé d'Affaires of the USSR at Washington. For some strange reason this important speech was treated briefly or entirely passed over by the New York morning papers. After referring to the use of *ersatz*, or substitute, products by the German war economy, Mr. Oumansky said, "Genuine aggression can be checked only by genuine resistance based on collective security. And for collective security you need a collective. Members of that collective, particularly the weaker ones, must genuinely intend to help or be helped, to reject economic subjection, to be able to repulse military encroachment. Otherwise it is an *ersatz* security." We might add that there never has been

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a time since the Versailles Treaty when the League of Nations was really a collective, or when collective security was other than *ersatz*.

Armies Are for Fighting

As the European crisis deepens, new ranks of armed men spring up. Germany, Italy, Spain, Poland and France are each reported to have more than 1,000,000 men under arms. England, with her air force and huge fleet, will soon be over the million mark too, when the Territorial Army is doubled as planned. Even Belgium has manned the defenses, and Holland has brought her frontier battalions up to full strength. The Fascist states are, to be sure, on a permanent war basis, but they, and even more the "democracies," cannot maintain this tension over a long period without suffering heavily. Partial mobilization disrupts civil activities, strains the economy and profoundly affects the feeling of the people. Men with arms, in themselves, are an added source of war. The troops could be sent home if Hitler gave credible indications that he was not going to attempt further aggressions, or if another Munich surrender temporarily appeased him. But can Hitler forgo another victory in the near future? Can Chamberlain afford another Munich?

The Teams Come Out on the Field

Europe's troops aren't just sitting around in barracks; maneuvers have already begun. Hitler has disposed his forces, according to L'Oeuvre of Paris, with a heavy concentration of 430,000 on the French frontier, nearly 300,000 on the Polish border, especially in the southeast, and—here's a place to watch—350,000 on the Dutch border. The Nazis are thought to have 100,000 troops in Italy, as well as 38,000 in Italian Libya. Italy herself is concentrating in Libya and on her northern border with France. Other Italian troops are of course still in Spain—fresh ones have recently been sent—and although the Italians are being kept away from the French border, Spanish troops are facing France at the Pyrenees and England at Gibraltar. La Linea, a few miles from the rock, is so jammed with troops, arms and munitions that the overflow from the barracks is housed in the bull ring. The German fleet will soon hold "spring maneuvers" off the Atlantic coast of Spain.

In their turn, the "alliance" powers have taken some measures, though characteristically they are less imposing ones. The British Mediterranean fleet and the French fleet have moved into position. Thirteen French warships are at Gibraltar, and the strengthened British garrison there has barricaded the road to Spain. British ships are concentrated at Malta, and its defenses are being reinforced. President Roosevelt, in line with his policy of backing up England and France, has sent the United States fleet back to the Pacific.

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wrong after all. The world as we know it won't end with a whimper, but with a tremendous bang.

War and the Stock Market

One of the most essential American preparations for possible war in Europe, yet one of the least obvious to the layman, is readiness to deal with the dumping of foreign securities on the stock market. Foreigners own securities in this country worth more than $7,000,000,000. If war breaks out, belligerent governments will certainly take over these securities from their nationals, as they did during the last war. They will do this in order to mobilize all possible cash purchasing power for American supplies. These governments cannot float loans in the United States, not only because of the Johnson Act and the Neutrality Act, but because of the natural state of their credit. Even if they could, they would not use the privilege except as a supplement to existing means of payment. The consequence is that foreign owners of American securities are likely to sell them, hoping to get better terms than their governments will offer. Even the governments themselves might, after acquiring these securities, sell them too rapidly for the good of our economy.

Control of this process is essential, first to prevent a disastrous market break, then to prevent the ordering of such large quantities of American supplies by purchasing governments as to create an unhealthy industrial boom. But it is unwise to entrust this control to the private investment trusts which recently suggested that the task be delegated to them, by allowing them to buy all the foreign-owned securities offered for sale. The investment trusts have too dubious a history, and anyway this is a public function. Far preferable would be a government control agency, with which all foreign holdings would be registered, sale to be permitted only by license. Licenses could then be granted by a rationing system adjusted to the needs of public policy.

What Justice for Spain?

Some people interpret the Pope's broadcast to his "beloved children of Catholic Spain" as a plea for mercy to the conquered. Quite possibly it may have had some connection with an appeal issued the week before by 450 American Protestants, including 41 Episcopal and Methodist bishops, in which they urged the Pope to use his influence on Franco to stop reprisals and expedite the release of prisoners. But if the Pope was offering a counsel of mercy, he went about it in such a mild and diplomatic fashion that Franco won't have to do anything about it. The Pope's admonishment took the form of commending Franco's present policy, which, he said, is in accord with the Church's principles of "justice toward crime but benevolent kindness toward those who have been led astray." Obviously the question is what are the crimes to be

Just what is a criminal in Franco's Spain? Here is General Franco's answer, as expressed by the Law of Political Responsibilities promulgated February 13: Criminals are those who, since October, 1934, "have contributed to the subversion of which Spain was the victim"; who failed to support the Nationalist movement if they had an opportunity to do so or who showed a passive attitude; who, directly or indirectly, "have served Red Spain or have not combated it"; who accepted promotion bringing with it an official title. That would include quite a lot of people who lived under the Loyalist government, everyone, in fact, who did not work with the "Fifth Column." But there are more categories: all those who remained abroad after July 18, 1936, unless they lived abroad habitually; members of the Cortes of 1936 who contributed, by action or abstention, to implant the ideas of the Popular Front; Freemasons, except those who resigned from the order before July 18, 1936; those charged with missions of trust by the Popular Front; government candidates for the Cortes in 1936 and those who organized the elections of February, 1936.

Wagner, the Board and the Act

Senator Robert Wagner of New York did a first-rate job of defending the labor-relations act before the Senate Labor Committee. Wagner has—in debate—routed his enemies and the labor law's would-be destroyers with lucid reasoning. He has demolished the charge that the act is "biased" in favor of employees; actually the employer has plenty of protection, the Senator points out. In addition to a legal system heavily in his favor, the employer has superior staying power, more money, better legal counsel and better access to the instruments of public opinion. Against this, the labor act gives the worker nothing but the right to institute a lengthy legal proceeding to protect his right to organize and bargain collectively, a right theoretically recognized in the United States a hundred years ago. Wagner's testimony went on to analyze the various amendments to the NLRA which have been proposed. Most of them, he demonstrated, are aimed to destroy the act rather than to improve it.

Practically the same conclusions were expressed in the Labor Board's report on the act it administers. It attacked especially the Walsh amendments, which President Green of the AFL, among others, has endorsed, on the grounds that they would permit employers to interfere with a worker's free choice of a union, would legalize contracts an employer might make with spurious unions of his own inspiration, would force the Board to certify splinter craft groups in industrial plants and would turn the Board's decisions over to endless delay in the courts. The NLRB did say that four suggestions for procedural change, dealing with employer petitions for elections, date[illegible] and lengthening the period between complaints and hearings, were worth "further consideration." But it added that, should the suggestions be approved, they could be adopted through the Board's administrative regulation. No change in the law itself is needed.

Let the Children In

You would think that everybody would support the Wagner-Rogers bill to admit 10,000 German-born refugee children into the United States, outside the quota limits, within the next two years. The children have nowhere else to go. They are all under fourteen, and so would add a little to our power to consume without increasing competition in the labor market. They would not become public charges, because the law requires a guarantee of support by responsible individuals or organizations. Every race and creed is represented in the 10,000, but the list, in a sense, is specially selective. These are the children of parents who refused to worship a dictator. They have a fresh knowledge of what liberty means from their experience with tyranny. There were children as valuable as these on the "Mayflower."

Despite the obvious desirability—from both selfish and humane points of view—of letting these young Germans come and grow into good Americans, there are organized "patriots"—the familiar crew—fighting the Wagner-Rogers bill with lies, confusion and hateful symbols. There is actually serious doubt that the measure will pass. The Non-Sectarian Committee for German Refugee Children, 122 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, directed by Clarence Pickett of the American Friends' Service Committee, is leading the fight for the bill, and at the same time making plans for the care of the children when and if they are allowed to come. Of course they need money, lots of it. The dictators have made an expensive mess.

Anti-Ismist

The loudest-mouthed opponent of Mr. Roosevelt's European policy is sleek, husky, red-faced Senator Bob Reynolds of North Carolina, the anti-ism man. Mr. Reynolds is führer of the Vindicators, an organization that wishes to register and fingerprint all aliens and stop immigration for ten years. Beholding his maneuvers, a number of observers have assumed that he is being influenced by Nazi agents. A more credible explanation is that he is front-man for the remarkable Mr. John B. Trevor—socially prominent New York lawyer and head of the American Coalition, a superholding company for more patriotic organizations than anyone knew existed.

Mr. Reynolds' Vindicators have so far made slow progress. They claim a total of 60,000 members, who for a membership fee of $1 receive a year's subscription

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feather to be worn in your hat, and one red-white-and-blue enameled bar, inscribed with a "V," for your lapel. Unkind critics say that the political weight of the organization is symbolized by the feather.

The story has been widely spread that Mr. Reynolds, on a tour of Europe last summer, conferred with high Nazi officials. Mr. Reynolds laughs at this. By his own account, he arrived in Berlin from Prague, rented an automobile for a drive over Germany's new motor express roads, walked through a Berlin working-class district, had dinner alone in a café and next day took the Paris train. Several months ago, Mr. Reynolds had a count made by Senate attachés, as a result of which he gleefully boasts a verified average of 435 letters a day, or a hundred more than any other Senator. He has the greatest number of visitors to his office, and the greatest number of telephone calls. With the possible exception of Mr. Barbour of New Jersey, he is also the most physically fit member of the Senate. A pair of boxing gloves dangles from the wall of his desk, and he delights in being photographed clad in his undershirt in the Senate gymnasium. Mr. Reynolds' evident model is the late Huey Long; if he lacks Huey's political skill, he can at least yell louder.

Don't Be Frightened About Coal

We cannot become too indignant about the threatened sufferings of coal consumers because of the stoppage in the mines pending negotiations of a new agreement between the United Mine Workers and the Appalachian operators. The consumers never bothered their heads about the severe and actual sufferings of unemployed miners and bankrupt operators when—as is usual—too much coal was being produced. At any rate, we hardly believe the stoppage will last long; the two sides appear to be near enough an agreement so that the differences will be adjusted. The operators have offered to recognize the United Mine Workers as sole bargaining agency, thus putting the damper on AFL hopes for a split, though they have not agreed to the closed shop. As this is written, the principal question concerns the demand of the operators that the miners should be fined for unauthorized strikes during the life of the new agreement. The union protests that it is being asked to exercise discipline over men who may not be members, and that there is no countervailing penalty against operators for unauthorized lockouts. This dispute—unless there is something bigger behind it—does not seem to contain the cause of a major industrial war.

Preview of the World's Fair

We were included in the fortunate band that witnessed the "preview" of the New York World's Fair by night. Floodlights are out at Flushing, and in their big round Perisphere by night is opalescent, with projected white cloud shapes against its blueness. The Aviation building is yellow, the Marine building is blue, the Chrysler building is red and the IRT subway station is green. Mr. Whalen says the Fair will open on time even if it *isn't* finished. Despite all statements that the Fair would be closed to female nudity, Faith Bacon will be there in a faun's costume of eight autumn leaves and a pair of horns. The Czecho-Slovak pavilion in the foreign zone will be completed and opened as scheduled, despite the anxious efforts of the Nazi government to force its abandonment. Mr. Whalen does not recognize conquest by force. The Heinz building has no windows, but an arrangement of mirrors will enable people on the inside to check up on what people on the outside are doing. The fountains in the Lagoon of Nations can keep twenty tons of water in the air at one time. The wheatfield the Continental Baking Company has sown contains the only wheat grown in greater New York for seventy-five years. A fair price for a loaf of bread made from it would be $1.

News Notes of the Week

Chinese forces opened a general offensive on nearly all fronts, reporting successes in southern Shansi and near Kaifeng, where they captured a railway that the Japanese were building. The Chinese also said that they were besieging Tsengshing, near Canton, and were within twelve miles of Canton itself. . . . Britain's plan for wartime food control was prepared. It includes 1,400 local committees and 80,000,000 ration cards. The chief foods rationed will be fresh meat, bacon, ham, butter, margarine, lard, other fats and sugar.

President Roosevelt withdrew the nomination of Thomas R. Amlie to the Interstate Commerce Commission at Mr. Amlie's request, saying, "I deeply regret that a certain type of opposition should deprive the ICC of one as able and wholeheartedly devoted to the public service as you are." . . . Homer Martin accepted William Green's offer to restore the old AFL auto-union charter, and will hold a referendum in which the membership of his rump union is expected to approve the action. . . . The United Student Peace Committee, representing twenty national youth organizations, set as the theme of the fifth annual student peace demonstrations—to take place April 20—support of President Roosevelt's message to the dictators. They couldn't agree, however, to hold united demonstrations. . . . Sam F. Johnson, of Gilmer, Texas, was dismissed from the WPA as medically unfit. Even after his doctor had certified his ability to work he couldn't get himself reinstated. He came to work anyway, to prove his fitness, but the WPA closed the project, saying it wouldn't be reopened until he stayed away. Finally they had to obtain an injunction to keep

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The President to the Dictators

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S proposals to Hitler and Mussolini that they promise to refrain from aggression against thirty-one specified European nations for ten years, with the understanding that, if they do, he will obtain reciprocal promises from these nations and will encourage conferences to bring about disarmament and economic appeasement, looks more simple-minded than it is. The assumption which these telegrams carry on their face is that if the dictators really want peace but are afraid of encirclement, they will jump at the chance to prove their innocence and end the present tension, but that if they do intend to fight, they must put everyone on notice to that effect now. Mr. Roosevelt, however, has shown by his former statements that he knows too much about international affairs to entertain much hope for the acceptance of his offer in good faith. The proposal is one made, not primarily to bring peace, but to be rejected.

The anger which the invitation aroused in Berlin and Rome is an index to the probable intention behind it. The game which the Axis has been playing is continually to threaten major hostilities without ever quite precipitating them. Hitler and Mussolini have not in the past really wanted to fight a formidable array of enemies. They have merely wanted to pick off their objectives one by one without a major war. They were counting on the fact that their principal opponents were less ready to fight than they themselves appeared to be. It may be that they expected never to have to conduct a general war or, on the contrary, they may always have visualized the time when such a war would become inevitable. But in either case they planned to gobble as much as possible before a determined counter-force was mobilized. The President's invitation looks as if it had been calculated to spoil their game.

If it were unconditionally accepted, and the method of general conference were begun, the Fascist ability to blackmail would be ended. Flat rejection would, however, be such a plain and dramatic threat to so many that the work of mobilizing the Grand Alliance would be greatly facilitated. A challenge of this sort might be influential in swinging American opinion militantly behind the opponents of the Axis. It might undermine support for the dictators among their own peoples, when the circumstances became known. And it would fix, for future reference, any question of war guilt.

What Hitler and Mussolini will reply is still uncertain, but it is probable that they will do their best to avoid both horns of the dilemma. Already their journalistic organs have centered their attack on Mr. Roosevelt's good faith. He is not impartial, it is asserted, but has already shown his hostility to the dictators on many occasions. He has no right to interfere in Europe. He is tent by buying off the munition-makers. Of course he is accused of being under the influence of Jews and Communists. Thus, by a torrent of abuse, the way is being prepared for the allegation that the proposal is a trap which is not to be taken seriously. One can readily imagine Herr Hitler going on to point out that Germany was betrayed by President Wilson's Fourteen Points and that this time she must have justice before she disarms. Or he might even have the effrontery to call attention to the fact that promises of statesmen are not to be relied upon, and conclude that he could not trust any assurances given by the thirty-one nations.

Nazi propaganda is extremely clever at this sort of thing, and it always dilutes its nonsense with enough hard facts to make a mixture that many accept as truth. Mr. Roosevelt is not impartial; if he had been less outspoken in the past he would now be in a much better position to mediate. It is true that Wilson's Fourteen Points were largely nullified by the Treaty of Versailles, and that Germany while disarmed and law-abiding was not able to rectify that injustice. The war victors have yielded to force and threats what they would not yield because of international morality. There are strong bodies of opinion, both here and abroad, holding that America should not meddle in the affairs of Europe. Such arguments may blunt the edge of the dialectical weapon the President is wielding. Nevertheless, in terms of the present situation, it would be extremely difficult for Hitler to avoid the implications of an offer like this. Whether the rejection is open or veiled, it can mean only that he intends to gain his ends by further aggression and is willing to risk plunging the world into war for their sake. Mr. Roosevelt has laid an excellent groundwork for the slogans that would be used against the dictators in the possible war. It will be a united effort to repel foreign conquest.

Defense of national freedom and resistance against armed aggression may be a sufficient cause for going to war. But it is not a sufficient answer to the question, What would follow victory? Must such a war be wholly negative? The New Republic raises again the issue of war aims. We all know what the war would be against, but nobody has the faintest idea what it would be for. What sort of peace would arise from it? Could it be a war for democracy—now that Spain and Czecho-Slovakia are gone and most members of the Grand Alliance are already dictatorships? Will it turn into a squabble about colonies? Should we have another Treaty of Versailles? Is the world going to risk committing suicide to restore the ill starred self-determination of small nationalities? What is to be done about the economic chaos hitherto created by jealously retained boundaries around non-economic units of territory? Who has a solution for the ills of Europe that gave rise to Hitler and Mussolini? As the anger of the rest of the

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justifies the cost. To prepare to resist evil is necessary. But to prepare to create something better is indispensable. What would the Grand Alliance be fighting *for?*

Drang Nach Osten Economics

THE CONTINUED AGGRESSION of Nazi Germany is of course based not merely on political theories, but also on the familiar imperialist drive for markets and raw materials. Germany has serious shortages of raw materials today. She wants, as she wanted in 1914, more iron, copper, manganese and other resources. But the available supplies are for the most part in the hands of other major powers. Under a peace economy she could buy all she needed. But under a war economy it is an irreconcilable conflict—unless Germany can find the things she needs without taking them from Britain, France, the USSR or the United States.

So far she has been attempting to do so. Her moves into Eastern Europe have given her new materials and new markets without bringing her face to face with France or England over their own prime economic interests. But Germany must sooner or later come to grips with the big empires. Even if she were to absorb all of Eastern Europe—Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary and Greece—she would still be unsatisfied economically.

In regard to mineral resources Germany has actually increased her deficiencies by the conquest of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. While her conquests brought her mines, they also brought her factories that used more minerals than the countries produced. They reduced her only important mineral surplus, in coal.

Statistics of the production and consumption of the leading industrial minerals in the six remaining Central and Eastern European countries have recently been published, by Standard Statistics. Germany's predicament is made clear by the figures on petroleum, coal, iron, copper, lead, zinc, bauxite—the raw material of aluminum—and manganese.

For example, Greater Germany (including Austria and Czecho-Slovakia) consumed 277,000 metric tons of copper in 1937, the latest year for which figures are available. This was 242,000 tons more than she produced. But all the six Central and Eastern European countries had a surplus in that year of only 8,000 tons over their consumption. After she had annexed them, Germany's deficiency would still be, according to these figures, 234,000 tons. It is true that several mineral deficiencies would be considerably remedied by annexation. Bauxite is the best possibility. Although in 1936 Germany and the small countries together had a deficiency of 284,000 tons—Greater Germany consumed 1,005,000 tons—yet Hungarian and Yugoslavian pro-

to reduce greatly Germany's petroleum deficiency, but not to overcome it, and the same would be true with lead and zinc. In all these cases, though, British and American interests are involved in the East European production. Annexation would increase the deficiencies of manganese and iron.

It is clear that the Nazis must go farther afield for mineral supplies. Where must they go? The USSR produces petroleum, but, although Germany dreams of seizing the Ukraine, the Soviet oil wells—in the Trans-Caucasus and Bashkiria—are too far for even Nazi dreams to reach. In Persia, Arabia and the Netherlands East Indies there are important fields, but these are in Britain's sphere of influence. The rest of the world's supply comes from the Western hemisphere, still further away and guarded by the United States.

Germany gets iron ore from France, Sweden, Belgium and Luxemburg. Seizure of Sweden would not make up the deficiency, but the Soviet Ukraine might; there are large deposits there. It is possible, though, that steel plants in the Ukraine, on whose consumption there are no figures, use so much of the area's ore that Germany would still have a deficit. For copper the Nazis must look to the Belgian Congo, Rhodesia, Chile, Canada or the United States; for manganese to the Union of South Africa, the Soviet Union or Brazil. Here again the Soviet Ukraine is marked out. It produces 40 percent of the USSR's manganese, and she is the world's largest producer.

Mineral resources are only one of Germany's needs, but they are an indicative one. Her need for wheat points again at the Soviet Ukraine, at Canada and the United States. But wherever Germany looks she must realize that to seize these tantalizing treasures she must make war. Even after another Munich, bringing the "Drang Nach Osten" down perhaps to the Mediterranean itself, Germany would not and could not stop, as long as she sought a self-sufficient economy.

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Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

JAMES BENÉT BRUCE BLIVEN JR. H. N. BRAILSFORD
HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK
E. C. LINDEMAN JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD, *Advertising Manager* BYRON DEXTER, *Circulation Manager*

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America and the Writers' Project

THE AMERICA that is beginning to emerge from the books of the Writers' Project is a land to be taken seriously: nothing quite like it has ever appeared in our literature. It is a country of odd contraptions and strange careers, where all the big houses have secret rooms and where, in the 1840's, innumerable towns withered and died because the railroad passed three miles to the east. Nothing in our academic histories prepares you for it, and very little in our imaginative writing; none of the common generalizations about America and the American temperament seem to fit it, least of all those attributing to Americans qualities of thrift, sobriety, calculation or commercial acumen. On the contrary, it is doubtful if there has ever been assembled anywhere such a portrait, so laboriously and carefully documented, of such a fanciful, impulsive, childlike, absent-minded, capricious and ingenious people, or of a land in which so many prominent citizens built big houses (usually called somebody's folly) that promptly fell into ruins when the owner backed inventions that didn't work.

It is a slightly alarming picture, largely because of the impression it gives that carelessness and accident bulk so large in American history. Whitman was its only poet, but even Whitman's Americans lacked some amiable, yawning, sardonic quality that shows through these histories of towns, roads and houses. These Americans have their creepy side, as witness their love of secret rooms—the Guides probably contain more concrete information on this strange quirk of the American temperament than has ever before been assembled. In the old Betsy Thompson House on Dividing Creek Road, Maryland; at Beverly Farms not far away; in Patty Cannon's Tavern; in the old Cooper House in Camden; in Bowman's Folly in Virginia, in the old Wharton Place near Mappsville, in the Old Brick House near South Mills, South Carolina—America is so full of secret rooms, invisible closets, hidden stairways and false halls that they seem once to have been as essential to a well planned house as a kitchen. It is difficult to think of our New England ancestors as thrifty, practical folk when you discover them equipping their homes with trap doors and sliding panels.

There was unquestionably something secretive and mysterious about them, but it was counteracted by an odd, clownish, lunatic sense of humor—they composed irreverent jingles for their tombstones, made up jocular names for their villages and farms—the land grant in Maryland legally named Aha the Cow Pasture being typical—and were continually deciding boundary lines, the locations of county seats and the ownership of plantations by flipping a coin. Stephen Girard won his boss's boats, business and home, only to have the boss's daughters drive away the new owner with a goose gun. In the same way that the Guides are a vast catalogue of secret rooms, they are a catalogue of remarkable instances of Americans' ability to take extraordinary happenings in their stride, of their unwillingness to admit surprise, even if they felt it—like Ann Whitall of Red Bank, who was spinning quietly in her attic when a cannon ball crashed through the wall, whereupon she simply moved the spinning wheel to the cellar and went on spinning. Even their wars, as they pop in and out of the Guides, seem to have no more relation to military strategy than darebase: when the Tories killed Daniel P. Schenck of Pleasant Valley, Mrs. Schenck got his gun, followed them and shot the Tory who had killed him; and when the British captured John Burrowes of Matawan, his neighbors rowed over to Flatbush to capture the mayor of New York. They were secretive and sometimes violent, but they had an almost childlike awe of people more romantic and eccentric than themselves: in each village they kept alive the legends associated with the cliffs and crags from which unhappy lovers jumped, a practice which, if preserved now, would result in most big hotels being known as somebody's Leap.

They were great builders of spite fences, spite churches, spite towns—their captains of industry even built spite railroads. After you read the Guides you see that the New Jersey voter who started to chop down his own trees because he couldn't stand Hague was running true to a national pattern of exasperation. The four hundred citizens of Ilo, Idaho, moved their whole town a mile and a half to set it up across the railroad tracks from another town and for thirty years refused to incorporate with it; the Quakers of Odessa, Maryland, splitting in 1828, remained split until the last insurgent died in 1880, after having worshiped alone in the rival church for years. None of the generalizations about Americans seems to fit the people described in the Guides; about the best is that of the anonymous writer in "The Ocean Highway" who says that the Sussex County farmer is composed, stubborn, independent, has an evident feeling of equality, "may politely defer to someone he thinks knows more about something than he does, and above all respects a smart lawyer."

But that characterization gives no impression of their fantastic careers. Scattered through these two hundred-odd books are brief biographies of prominent, notorious or merely eccentric individuals who once swung weight in their own communities and whose marks—whether

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soms of New Orleans—still remain. The careers that are traced in the Dictionary of National Biography have always seemed to me interesting reading, provided you do not take them too seriously; but they lack variety, and they generally deal with successful people —stuffed shirts, bureaucrats, vice-presidents, bankers, editors, generals, railroad presidents—whose prominence in history seems somehow directly connected with the lack of excitement in their lives. But the biographies in the Guides have no such rigorous standard to determine inclusion: people are mentioned whether they succeeded or failed, whether their inventions worked or not, whether they won or lost their duels, made money inside or outside the law: the only test seems to be that some living evidence of their presence, if only a legend or the name of a street, still persists in their own towns. So you get a wide range—gamblers, storekeepers, cranks, innkeepers, spies, murderers, Indians, surveyors, people who planted orchards, or people who built fish ponds on the roofs of their houses, or contrived machines to capture power from the sun, or, like the Presbyterians of Squabbletown, became memorable only because of the ferocity of their struggle with the Baptists. There is space for David Brinkman, the young evangelist from Erskine Caldwell's country, whose mark on the national life consists in the many disconcerting signs he has lately been placing on the highways reading "Prepare to meet thy God," as well as for Nordica, the musician of Backus Corner, Maine. I do not know how Nordica's career stands in relation to the history of American music, but it seems almost typical, in its offhand acceptance of incongruities, in relation to the life of the country as the Guides record it. Turn right at Backus Corner, says the Maine Guide, go down a dirt road, turn right again, and you come to a one-and-a-half story cottage where, in 1859, Lillian Norton was born. Her high voice was light and sweet, the Guide says, and she had a varied matrimonial career; she assumed the name of Gigli Nordica; her first husband sailed off in a balloon and was never seen again, and she herself died in Java after being shipwrecked off Thursday Island.

How has it happened that nobody ever thought before to trace the careers of the vast majority who guessed wrong—the leading bankers who put their money in canals in 1840 and in Maine shipyards in 1856, who plunged on slaves in 1859, and bet that Florence, in Baboon Gulch, Idaho, would be the leading city of the state? What a fine group of far-sighted financiers have really turned up in the Guides! They bought lots in Indianola, Texas, and refused to let the railroad enter Cantwell's Bridge, Delaware; they invested in river steamers, stage-coach companies, pony expresses, whale fishing, cannonball foundries, or like Captain Hauser of South Dakota shot foul gases into the air to bring on rain. But not only the commercial Americans who were wrong in all fields, who announced that the world was coming to an end on a certain date, or made plans to get Napoleon off St. Helena—but the project failed, the boom collapsed, the railroad went the other way, the authorities got wind of the plot, the current shifted, the bay filled in, new deposits were discovered in Africa or, after Yanktown had been chosen as the capital, the legislature moved it to Pierre.

But they left their traces all over the country. Some of their marks are gigantic ones, calling to mind those footprints of dinosaurs that are found in South Dakota —big buildings, unused canals, tumbledown factories. More often they are elusive, like the legend of Kelly of Kelly's Bluff, who shot a man under the delusion that he was being followed. They are of all kinds: the unearthly house constructed by the Holy Ghost and Us Society in Shiloh, Maine; the pile of bricks marking the spot where there was once a munitions works at Gombo Falls; the broken trestle that supported the water tower in the once flourishing town of Medbury, Idaho. Or, as the New Orleans Guide soliloquizes on the redlight district of the city:

> Where can one find the equals of former celebrated procuresses? Countess Willie Piazza, under whose roof a Central American revolution was hatched, is dead . . . her gilded mirrors and green plush chairs sold at auction, the piano, badly in need of tuning, going for $1.25. Josie Arlington was buried in and later removed from Metaire Cemetery, but a bronze maiden, representative of the virgins whom Josie never allowed in her house, still knocks in vain on the door of her tomb. . . . Tom Anderson's name is in tile on the corner of Iberville and Saratoga Streets, and Lulu White's name may still be seen cut in the glass transom of her palace on Basin Street; but the palace is now a warehouse.

It is a grand, melancholy, formless, democratic anthology of frustration and idiosyncrasy, a majestic roll call of national failure, a terrible and yet engaging corrective to the success stories that dominate our literature. These financiers and prostitutes who went broke, these prophets whose positive predictions were so badly mistaken, these skilled engineers and technicians whose machines never worked, these miners who never found any gold and these birthplaces of people who never accomplished anything—all of these combine in the American Guides to make the country's past seem simpler than we could have imagined it, and to make some of the horrors of its present less difficult to endure. Even Martin Dies seems all right in this company, with Lulu White and Tom Anderson and Joseph Keeney and Tom Kelly and David Weems, with Patty Cannon and Willie Piazza, with Frank Sandford, who thought the world was coming to an end, and with Nehemiah King, who busily built a sloop for the rescue

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Now that the Federal Writers' Project is in danger of being abandoned, the value of the work it has done stands out sharply: the least publicized of the three art projects, it may emerge as the most influential and valuable of them all. The shortcomings of its books are obvious. They are cast in a cumbersome and unattractive form, with essays on history, geology, weather and the arts inserted with tours through the states and towns; the result is that they are often too comprehensive for tourists and too superficial for scholars. They are extraordinarily meaty volumes, yielding twice as many unfamiliar facts to the page as most encyclopedias, but their material is scattered; some of the information on a man's life may appear in the historical section, some in connection with his birthplace, some when the tours pass scenes of his exploits. The indexes are so bad they prevent the books having their full value as works of reference. The Guides are full of contributions to Indian history that are, generally speaking, excellent; they are civilized and humane, and they combine to give a tragic picture of the suppression of the race, but even so, there seems to be too much about the Indians.

When the Guides attempt current history, they do it without much art: you get an impression that the editors fought so hard for the inclusion of controversial episodes, such as strikes, that they ignored important sociological material which could have been included—the ownership of the land through which the tours pass, for instance, or of the factories that are described on both sides of the road. There are inaccuracies, but they are unimportant compared with the omissions: it seems incredible that the Homestake Mine could be described in the South Dakota Guide without reference to Hearst's ownership of it. But the biggest limitation seems to result from the bohemianism that afflicts some writers on the Project. It is especially noticeable in the book of creative writing, "American Stuff," and in "New York Panorama." The New York book contains a long and quite interesting piece on jazz, placing practically every trumpet player in town, but has no history of the financial district; it lists all the publishers, playwrights and poets, but does not mention such local weight-swingers as Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky. And I cannot see why, when factories, railroads and mines are placed and described, a line could not be added saying that they are owned by so-and-so; local politics might be clarified, as well as the line taken by congressmen—including the line taken by Dies on the Federal Art Projects.

But the Guides are getting better; there is no comparison between the weighty, dutiful guide to Washington, D. C., and the suave and consistently entertaining guide to New Orleans. The books on Idaho—the Idaho Guide and the Idaho Encyclopedia—are one of them early and the other more recent, but they both of the West. The Mississippi Guide, granted the limitations imposed on it by its form, is a better contribution to an understanding of Southern life than most Southern novelists and Southern congressmen have given us. When the Project was launched, all emphasis was placed on the state guides, and the city guides that appeared were merely by-products; lately these have become more important, and promise in the long run to be the Project's most fertile field.

For American history has never before been written in terms of communities—it has been written in terms of its leading actors, and of its dominant economic movements, but never in terms of the ups and downs of the towns from which the actors emerged and in which the economic movements had their play. It is one kind of experience to read, in Beard or in Turner, of the opening of the West, but it is another kind of experience to read of the rise and fall of Chillicothe in relation to the railroads, or of Galena in relation to the world market for lead. Everybody knows in a general way what happened when the railroads supplanted the canals, but nobody knew until the Guides dramatized it how many careers were deflected in the process or how many towns disappeared. Everybody knows in a general way that the rise of the Delta as the world's leading cotton producer exercised an enormous influence on pre-Civil War politics; but that rise has never been made as concrete as in the Mississippi Guide.

History in relation to place also has the effect of transforming the roles of the leading actors. You can read a dozen biographies of Grant and get less insight into his early career than is supplied by a history of Galena—no biography communicates the sense of the boom environment in which he functioned, or pits him so clearly against the hard-drinking, violent, amoral, get-rich-quick world that formed his character. When you read Grant's biography in relation to his own development, you wonder why he lent himself to the schemes of speculators; when you consider it in relation to the history of Galena, you wonder how he could have been expected to do otherwise.

The project is still unfinished, and there is a chance that it may never be permitted to complete the work it has started. Thus far it has merely outlined its task; the books that have appeared have the same relationship to its full potential influence that a negative has to the final print of a picture. If it continues—if the state guides can be completed and organized nationally, if the state encyclopedias can be brought out in consistent forms, and if the material in the files can be segregated and indexed for historians—there can be no question of the Project's value. It will revolutionize the writing of American history and enormously influence the direction and character of our imagi[illegible]

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A Psychiatrist Looks at Hitler

A MEDICO-PSYCHOLOGICAL estimate of Hitler must be made with great caution. No medical diagnosis at long range is reliable, even if by chance it turns out to be correct. Moreover, any public man of action is bound to have many enemies who want his end. These enemies are for the most part aware of their inability to destroy their villain; he is out of their physical reach and quite immune to their verbal vituperations. Hence they resort to destroying him in their fantasies; they "know on good authority" that he is psychopathic, insane, epileptic, paranoid, that he has cancer. By means of these diagnoses they seem to gratify their need for destruction through the ancient and perennial magic of words. Hitler has come in for a good share of visionary destruction. No matter how justified by Hitler's behavior, this state of prejudice does not help one to be scientifically impartial. One must bear this in mind and limit oneself to consideration only of the facts definitely known.

Of these there are very few. Hitler is apparently a lonely man; he prefers to be alone. He is single-minded; he can't very well grasp what a compromise is. It seems that he does not deliberate with people; he dictates, which is another form of being alone. He is impulsively aggressive and feels more than he thinks. The semidelirious turgid divagations of "Mein Kampf" bear testimony to Hitler's overwhelming feelings, to the detriment of objective mentation. He is rancorous, revengeful and apparently unable to forget an actual or imaginary offense. Hanisch, whose memoir was published in this journal, was arrested and was apparently killed or permitted to die within three days because he allegedly tampered with a water-color done by Hitler —a transgression committed thirty years previously when Hitler was only twenty years old.

The figure of Hitler as it rises from the pen of Hanisch is vague and shadowy. Hanisch himself was prejudiced by his quarrel with Hitler; moreover, he must have been a rather weak personality who was both attracted to and repelled by the young Hitler in the days when they were still friends. Yet some interesting light is thrown on the character of the twenty-year-old, bearded and bedraggled half-beggar and solitary dreamer that Hitler was in those days. What struck Hanisch as laziness was most probably a chronic state of dreaminess. Hitler could not work well; he could talk well. He was greedy to the point of scheming various dishonest methods of acquiring money. He wanted to fill cans with innocuous paste and sell them as a sort of anti-freeze mixture. Yet he was unmindful of the value of money. In those days a great believer a cheater; there are cheaters everywhere. Later on—

sacrifice to the state), he was contemptuous of Hanisch, who one day felt faint while climbing the stairs of the city hall in Vienna. Yet Hitler was unable to control his impulse to spend his last krone on pastry with whipped cream (for himself). At the same time he was ascetic, as he still apparently is, beating a hasty retreat from a milkmaid who appeared to tempt him. He was awed by the nobility and considered them of a higher race, but hated the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns. He liked to watch a good brawl. The people of Innviertel where he was born liked to fight and were proud of it. Hitler, too, was proud of it, but reports no brawl in which he himself took part.

Hitler copied and colored postcards, but when called upon to draw the Church in the Gumpendorfstrasse, of which no postcard was to be found, he was unable to do it. He could copy things, but was unable to establish enough emotional rapport with something outside of himself to make a drawing of it. This apartness from things and people seems characteristic. A photograph of Hitler in an intimate moment was published by many newspapers some time ago. There were Goebbels and his wife beside him; their little girl stood in the middle of the room. Hitler was sitting a considerable distance away, alone and apart. Hitler's friendships bear the earmarks of inner contradictions. Hanisch was very loyal to him and saved him from more than one day of hunger; yet he did not hesitate to testify (and falsely) in a Vienna police court against Hanisch and let him go to jail. A quarter of a century later he did the same thing in a more dramatic way when he shot Captain Roehm and violently defended the blood purge before the Reichstag. Chamberlain gave him what he wanted in Munich and he called him a friend in his last Reichstag speech. He hates Chamberlain now. Only those who give him things are friends; his enemies are those who thwart him in any way.

These contrasts and contradictions are indicative of the extremely primitive nature of the man. Spirited children have these characteristics. A momentary frustration throws them into a rage. The good father or brother of a moment before becomes a deadly frustrator, a hated enemy. Such children don't know what is meant by "just a minute" or by meeting one half way. Their temperament, or temper, knows only the all-or-nothing principle. This primitive infantile intransigence, this impetuous volcanic hatred seems to pervade Hitler's personality. He is angry, he feels cheated, he always feels cheated; people *must* be cheaters. He had to prove to himself that Hanisch was

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economic situation of Germany as an appropriate vehicle for living out his psychological conflicts, he perceives the Germans surrounded by cheaters—who are the Jews, foreigners, everybody in the world but the Germans, *i.e.*, but Hitler himself.

This resentment against the whole world is characteristic of individuals who were both deeply attached to and painfully disappointed by their mothers. We know nothing about Hitler's mother, but there is enough inferential evidence to justify us in thinking that Hitler bears a frightful unconscious rage against her. His attitude toward food is both suggestive and characteristic; he likes sweets, but hates meat, a trait frequently found among neurotics whose psychological accounts with their mothers were never squared. His avoidance of women belongs to the same pattern. If credence is given to the reports of his interest in some dancing girls who have performed for him, one would be inclined to think that there is more than a suggestion of a *voyeur* in Hitler. He permits himself to look at women from a respectable distance but avoids true emotional contact with them. He told Hanisch that women, even good women, can and do make a man bad. His love for Wagner, one suspects, is based not entirely on Wagner's idealization of Teutonic mythology. It is worth while recalling that one of the most outstanding characteristics of Wagner's operas is that his women, unless they are very unsympathetic shrews, are all abandoned or permitted to die.

The hostility he bears within himself against womankind puts him psychologically in a state of isolation, in a state of instinctual inability to love in the true sense of the word. This aloneness, this inability to be with and a part of things outside himself, is an indication of almost total instinctual inhibition, or what is usually called narcissistic psychological self-sufficiency. Individuals of this kind are suspicious, resentful, revengeful, cruel people. Their only outlet is unmitigated aggression. If for some reason this aggression remains also blocked, they develop that chronic mental disease which is known as schizophrenia; Nietzsche and Strindberg could be cited as appropriate examples of this type. Should such individuals belong to those who *act out* their aggression in disorderly neurotic restlessness, they become lonely Don Quixotes of rueful countenance. On the other hand, if these enormous masses of aggression into which the sum total of the individual's instincts becomes transformed find their expression in relation to human beings and in the form of mastery over them, these individuals become inveterate persecutors, Hitlers. Many inquisitors of the sixteenth century had the same psychological characteristics. These are neurotic individuals whose life is action and whose action is revenge. Chronologically and intellectually they are fully grown up, but instinctually they are like very little children whose volcanic tantrums would [illegible] the physical and intellectual endowment of the adult.

It is characteristic of such individuals that their aggression is unable to go beyond a certain point of mastery. Heretofore so fearless, they begin to act as if they were afraid of their own aggression. If and when they reach this point they go to their psychological and physical defeat. This point coincides as a rule with the peak of their success, for they really don't know how to fight courageously; they only know how to win stubbornly. We frequently hear it said of people like this: "Isn't it a pity, just as he was about to get such and such a job, or just as he was about to reap the fruit of his wonderful work, that such a misfortune befell him!" These people either lose their money or become mentally ill, or they meet with an accident. As a rule such failures are not accidental; they are merely breakdowns of the total psychic economy of individuals who fall under the weight of their own aggression.

Unless I am badly mistaken, Hitler began recently to show the precursory signs of this type of possible psychological failure. Strange as it may seem to the man in the street, Hitler first betrayed signs of fear at the very time he was most aggressive and when he foresaw his first encounter with the statesmen of the western world. In his last Nuremberg speech, launching his thrust into Sudetenland, he cried out, "During the years of war and the years of my being Führer, I never was a coward," as if some inner voice already told him that he was afraid. In his last speech before the Reichstag, in which he was so "conciliatory," he gave the first sign of compromising, which for Hitler is tantamount to defeat; for the first time he referred to the Jews as the "Jewish *atheists*," an obvious and awkward sop to the Catholics who accuse him of being godless. Following this Hitler became practically silent. He said not a word after the occupation of Prague; even in Brunn, a German city, he said nothing. Even in Vienna, celebrating the anniversary of the Anschluss, he said nothing. He appeared on the balcony of his hotel in stony silence. It was not a celebrating, triumphant Hitler; he ran out on the celebration prepared for him in Berlin. In Memel he spoke but a few minutes. The photographs of Hitler in Memel show a grim, depressed rather than an angry, triumphant Hitler. In Wilhelmshaven, as he started to speak (only the first two or three sentences were permitted to be broadcast) his voice was hollow and extremely slow. It suggested not deliberation, but a degree of psychomotor retardation, *i.e.*, pathological slowing up of speech and action.

I do not mean to suggest that Hitler is already mentally sick, but I suspect that he shows certain precursory signs of true psychological inability to cope with himself. If it is true, this may not affect for a long while the course present-day Germany has taken, but it will undoubtedly affect Hitler as we have known him till

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Frightened Liberals

In 1916 Georgius was leading a series of discussions at Chautauqua, where an honorable tradition in the social studies still survived. He was orthodox in the way liberals were then—devoted, almost dedicated, to busting trusts, to freeing trade, to gaining peace and to establishing the week-long rule of Christian ethics. He may have been inflexible, but it would have been with the firmness of thoughtful conviction rather than the hysteria of fanaticism. Nevertheless the preachers and teachers in that green and placid grove had, by the end of summer, virtually cast him out: he had sincerely felt that he spoke the neglected conscience of the world and had refused to let them escape their professions.

He became, for the period of the War, almost a professional pacifist; he was, in fact, jailed for his unmannerly insistence that the First Amendment might be taken literally. But as time went on, and the War faded away in the trailing fumes of Settlement, people changed: they came round again to Georgius' ethical views. Instead of being vilified, he was now praised as an admirable instance of unshaken rectitude.

In Washington Square on Groundhog Day, I happened to meet Georgius again. Intimations of spring associated themselves with that pleasant up-state hillside and I was carried back through the years to summer's end at Chautauqua in 1916. He seemed to have changed but little since then; and the tenacity of his individuality, I soon discovered, went even deeper than appearances. He was still literal.

It was, he said as we found a convenient bench, a matter of importance that liberals should have abandoned their principles again. He supposed we might expect any day now to hear repeated the Wilsonian dictum: "Force, Force to the utmost, Force without stint or limit. . . ." "Do you remember the rest?" he asked. I shook my head and he intoned: ". . . the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in dust." He leaned toward me. "Did it? I ask you, did it cast down selfishness, or was it used to make the dominion of might more secure? And is that not what we may expect again?"

This kind of talk could not go on, even in that lazy sunshine, without awakening response. Perversely I recalled, with a kind of photographic clarity, an old, wise, tolerant teacher whom I had revered and who had said to me once in those days of crisis—and sadly too, for he, like so many of that generation, had had years of graduate study at Halle and Heidelberg—"Force, my boy, force never settles anything." And I had a quick apprehension that this was one of those to mad courses which would prove it. The world was lightened aphorism which might always be extinguished by baser falsities. We do not love truth, I thought; its restrictions are not so strong as the liberating appeals of destruction.

Georgius, however, gave me no chance to pursue my pessimism; he was elaborating his own: When, in the world's history, he asked, could there ever have been a fairer trial of Wilson's kind of liberalism than in the short cycle since 1916? Surely we were entitled to judge by results. It was a war fought to victory, a war to end wars, a struggle in which principle triumphed. But where were we? Was it not just where we began—back before Wilson's conversion to force? It might better be called a war to ensure war. His voice shook with earnestness as he pointed out the precision with which, as it seemed to him, we were retracing the course our own generation—not another, mind you—had followed once before.

With ghastly emphasis he ticked off similarities. Germany then had sought "a place in the sun," and ruthlessness had raised its head among a people who knew how to organize it. What was she asking now? And if the old ruthlessness was more intense now, would that not be because of its source in a deeper sense of injustice? Take another instance. Americans then had been persuaded to share a hatred for "aggressor nations." Did that not easily translate itself into "totalitarian states"? The Germans then had been Huns; they were now at least "uncivilized pagans." It was then not the German people; it was the Kaiser who was the fountain of evil. It had become Hitler now. It was considered tactless, then, to inquire into the relation between Germany's abilities and her resources; only her methods were to be spoken of. Was it different now? Only a year ago we were all admitting the dangerous divisiveness which had ruled Versailles; now we were savagely resenting the breaking down of Czecho-Slovakia, set up as an irritant in Central Europe to enforce those principles.

There was no end to these fatal analogies, he said. Britain in 1916 had been fighting civilization's battles; she had now become "our first line of defense." It had begun to be said about that time that Wilhelm's soldiers pushed women off the sidewalks in Berlin, and the fantasy had progressed to the cutting off of children's hands in Belgium and the using of enemy corpses for their fat. What kind of stories were we being asked to believe now? It was said, then, that the Kaiser was an anachronism, a survival, who believed himself divine, and, since he could do no wrong, was committed

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the German people and that we had a mission to release them. Now, of course, the soldiers were Brown Shirts; Hitler was madder than the Kaiser had been, and the duty of extermination and release was consequently more binding. It was this kind of thing, of course, which had fed the Kaiser's ego and had really made a menace of militarism in Germany. There had been a choice of ways to destroy brutality: German coöperation in civilized progress might have been gained if, instead of armaments, the price had been understood to be equal access to the world's resources.

Moral leadership, Georgius continued, must always rely on suppression of beastly impulses and the encouragement of contrasting human ones. Reversal of this discipline so that what was before suppressed is now encouraged and what was rewarded is now penalized, can, as we once seemed to know, result in the quick production of social chaos. The contemporary instruments of incitement to indiscipline were appalling to contemplate, too. The cycles in which cause and effect work out must be so greatly foreshortened that calamity could succeed apparent tranquillity without general notice. There would certainly be little time for discussion, for searching judgment.

Was it too late, he asked, to suggest that America might use her great influence in other ways than she had used it before? Might we not even carry the world back with us to the disciplines of peace, the practices of liberalism, having faith, for once, in our more deliberate professions?

"But how," I asked, "can we do that without entangling ourselves even more?"

"We need do no more," he replied, "than to say that we will not back the hand Britain is playing unless we are allowed to look at it. In this way we might embarrass the troublemakers in both Britain and Germany, perhaps paralyze the militarists, expose the propaganda machines and find the common purpose we have with the people of all the world. If Britain should refuse to show her hand we should know that the source of her animus lay in her traditional need for a troubled Europe—together with a determined unwillingness to share the colonial wealth she appropriated after the War. If Germany refused to accept a promised access to the world's raw materials as the price of de-Hitlerizing, we should know that her madness was real and that generosity would not cure it.

"There will be objection," he said, "to an active support even of civilized forces if it takes us abroad; but the objection will be much less if we make sure that they are civilized. If we undertake to punish Germany again it ought to be for real rather than fancied wrongs; and it ought to be a curative purge rather than a vengeful one. England's record is that of grabbing and of never giving up. Moreover, she is governed by Tories whose policy is only less objectionable than Germany's least sacrifice of her own. We do not see these things because the curious fanaticism of righteousness has gripped us once more. It is threatening to take us into war again; and the settlement will not be different from what the last one was—the imponderables of technology and geography will find no accommodation in our emotions; they will be left swinging loose again like swords above the naked body of civilization."

"It is *not* too late," he leaned forward and spoke with his hand on my knee. "And I am certain that we can justify to ourselves, alone, under the stars, when the insistence of conscience cannot longer be avoided, only decency, and the generosity of reason."

Georgius looked at me anxiously. He was obviously afraid that what he had said sounded a little like a peroration. Perhaps, too, he was struck with its incongruity there in the sun-filled square with the children playing and the pigeons calling throatily to one another. As though, I thought, bombs had never been dropped from planes to mangle children's limbs and tear the throats of pigeons. I'm afraid I said something awkward and inept. REXFORD G. TUGWELL

Long Live the Circus!

IT'S APRIL AND THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN. The union trouble has been patched up and the razorbacks, resplendent in new two-tone blue uniforms, are getting $45 a month plus keep—a figure halfway between the $30 they were getting last summer when the big tent folded up in Scranton, and the $60 the union asked for.

The Circus is in town and the razorbacks are working again, but the show is sick. Maybe not financially—John Ringling and Buddy North, directors, know best about that—but sick in comparison with the shows that have gone before. Variety says the "Ringling outfit has been geared for a lower operating nut than last season"—trim down all the edges, that means, cut out the headline performers, keep labor costs as low as the troupe will stand, and watch us make money.

Nothing will kill the circus deader. Anybody knows what the Circus has got and the best of all its qualities is its aroma of fantastic extravagance. Nothing so big as an elephant and we've got fifty, nothing so daring as the man on the flying trapeze or so clumsy as a bear. It's *impossible* to do a front somersault on the tight wire. The Norths can't skimp on the glitter and expect the circus to live and go on paying their bills.

This year's Circus has some compensating features: Rosello, The Man in the Moon, who unfortunately, and I hope only temporarily, is now out of the show, recovering from a fall the second night; the Four Queens and their high-ladder act, the Bibl

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who leap and twist off a short runway over the backs of elephants. And several of the best old acts are still there. The Cristianis, Dorothy Herbert, Hubert Castle on the "taut steel thread," Gargantua the Great, and Alf Lyal's dogs in the center ring.

But the half dozen headliners don't make up for what's missing, however rich and vibrant the prose in the official program ("The Elephants, the Ponderous, Lovable, Hulking Harlequins of the Animal Kingdom"). The Wallendas are gone; Con Colleano, the only man in the world who can accomplish a forward somersault, from feet to feet, on the tight wire, is gone; and the seals no longer play "My Country 'Tis of Thee" on the seal-organ. The clowns don't put out the fire in the flaming house on Stage Number Two; the man on the pile of tables reading a newspaper no longer rocks back and forth until finally the whole teetering structure tumbles over backwards, and Hugo Zachinni isn't shot out of his big white perambulating cannon.

Downstairs in the Menagerie, after the show, I spoke to one of the elephant handlers who was good-naturedly keeping a small boy with a bag of peanuts from being eaten. "It's a crime," the elephant handler said. "They want a circus, but they don't want to pay for it. So they complain that business is bad. But this country's got enough people to keep five good shows going, if you give them what they want. This show? It's killing circus business."

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

The Nazis at Home

While I was in Europe last fall on my way home to America from the Far East, I paid a visit to some distant relatives in Berlin, relatives whom I had never met before. Originally I had no intention of staying in their home, but my old great aunt, Tante Dora, her daughter, Tante Elsa, and Tante Elsa's two sons, Karl and Fritz, were so insistent that my objections were overruled.

After we had become acquainted and family information had been exchanged, they eagerly questioned me about my reactions to Germany. I was asked if I did not think that Germany and everything in it was wonderful, in fact, perfect. At once I was conscious that underneath their questioning lay a vague subconscious fear that I might not find it so wonderful as they hoped. Shortly I discovered they were ardent Nazis, and on the heels of this discovery came the realization that they hoped to convert me. They behaved as if my conversion to Nazism was a sacred duty to the Fatherland. Consequently they were highly pleased when they found out that I already knew something of German politics; my understanding of the "German soul" and "German culture" would be so much easier. At once I was treated to a paean of praise for all things German, in which I detected a note of sympathy for me because I was an American and had not been born into all this German perfection. In spite of my efforts to frame the few opinions I was asked for in a manner that would give them no offense, they could not avoid catching a hint of my disagreement with some of the things they said. It was sufficient. My conversion would not be so easy as they thought, and immediately I was assailed from all sides.

Karl assumed command of the discussion. I was dealing with a complete fanatic. With an air reminiscent of Hoender of Heaven cording to Hitler. My position became rapidly worse. If Hitler and the Nazis said a thing was so, how could I hope to compete with them, especially when they had a monopoly on all thinking, as Karl declared? But Karl had to have my acquiescence; heresy was unthinkable. However, he gave me to understand that whatever I said was worth very little, for I was a woman—and what could a woman possibly know? Daring me to disagree he fired a series of direct questions at me, questions to which I was forced to reply. For example, in speaking of America, Karl expected me to admit that the government and all American business was controlled by Jews and Communists. While trying to make it clear that this was not true, I put off further questions on the plea that I had not been in the States for some years and was not sufficiently familiar with conditions there.

Eventually Karl came to the subject of China, which he also declared was Communist. He said that the Japanese were engaged in a fight to save the Chinese people from this evil, and anyway the present Sino-Japanese war was necessary in order that Japan might bring the light of civilization to Asia. Here I thought I was on my own ground. After all, I had been in China for some years and could reasonably expect to be believed. To my amazement I discovered they knew nothing of the bombing of civilians in China. I went into some detail, describing what I had seen myself and what others had seen. Tante Elsa and Fritz became uneasy; they couldn't decide whether they should credit my story or not. Karl held a hasty conference with them in German; doubt lifted from their faces. Fritz then dashed upstairs and returned with some illustrated magazines. I was shown pictures of Chinese soldiers, on their caps the hammer and sickle. It was conclusive. China was Communist. The bombing of civilians was accidental, if

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occurred during wartime, and probably I did not know what I was talking about anyway.

In the early days of my stay in Berlin I was still under the influence of an impression formed before I ever went to Germany. How could normally intelligent people subscribe to some of the contradictory nonsence emanating from official sources? And my family were obviously far from stupid.

A good many of our later discussions revolved around the Jewish question. On one occasion Tante Elsa said that if an Aryan woman married a Jew and had a child, divorced the Jewish husband and married an Aryan, all the children of the second marriage would be Jews. I protested that such a thing was a biological impossibility, and the family became convinced that my "education" was not proceeding properly. Therefore Karl and Fritz decided to take me to the Anti-Jewish and Anti-Bolshevik Exhibition in the Reichstag.

The blackened Reichstag building was hung with Nazi swastikas and banners advertising the Exhibition. We entered through a side door and walked along a crooked passageway hung with black cloth. Suddenly we stepped into a circular room, where ceilings and walls formed a dome. The dome represented the earth, continents and islands rose in relief from the blue ocean. Over Russia sprawled the body of a huge, bloated spider; its tentacles reached over Europe and Asia. Red lights blinked on and off within its body and arms; red flames flared in North and South America, the South Seas, Africa and Australia. The room, the dome and the spider seemed to close in on me; the result of optical and emotional illusions. My two cousins obtained the services of an English-speaking guide, an SS man, as neither of them felt able to do justice to the Exhibition in English.

The walls of the next room were lined with pictures and legends explaining them; their subject matter, history according to the Nazis. The guide translated and I learned that all civilizations from the Egyptian to the present day had declined on account of the Jews; Napoleon lost the Battle of Waterloo because of a Jewish mistress. The next gallery of huge composite photographs and drawings was devoted to the evils perpetrated by Jewish scientists, musicians and thinkers. An enormous head of Einstein looked benignly down on the crowd. Einstein had good company in the faces of Spinoza, Mendelssohn, Heine and the Rothschild family. The background material for these heads depicted Jewish science, music and thought as being in the service of murder, murder as part of past and future warfare, murder as a feature of the Jewish faith.

We walked into a rectangular room through a side door. Composite photographs covered three walls. Under the first was the date 1923, under the last 1936. Each commemorated a disaster somewhere in the world, supposedly caused by Jews and Communists [illegible] hall contained children's clothes, illustrating the perfection of German manufacture as against Russian. Mussolini and the wonders of fascism came in for the largest single gallery; it was the only inartistic group in the Exhibition. A small room was devoted to the evils of so-called Jewish art. Crude paintings and sculptured objects left no doubt as to their pornographic nature. I remembered a group of children we had passed just before we came to the Reichstag, children who had just come from the Exhibition, and wondered what effect such "art" would have on their plastic minds.

Suddenly we came upon a great hall, the chamber where the Reichstag sat in the days of republican Germany. Everything was in the rankest disorder, left exactly as it was at the time of the historic fire. Leaving the charred and blackened parliamentary chamber, pitiful monument to the dead Weimar Republic, we passed into a long corridor, where a series of immense photographs jutted out from one wall. Each picture had two sections representing, "Motherhood in Russia; Motherhood in Germany," "Workers in Russia; Workers in Germany," "Sports in Russia; Sports in Germany," "The Church in Russia; The Church in Germany," the German mother, a blond, buoyantly healthy young woman, stood holding a laughing baby in her arms, while three well dressed, happy youngsters gamboled at her feet. The Russian mother sat suckling a puny distorted child, the results of care and poverty lined her face; at her feet older children lay, their abdomens distended by starvation. I could not help thinking how nice it would be if the Germans really looked as healthy, carefree and well dressed as these photographs showed them to be.

A man's derby hat and a pair of spectacles reposed in a showcase further on. They were the possessions of a certain Jewish financier who had escaped from Germany in such a hurry that he left them behind—a fact which caused my cousins and the guide considerable satisfaction.

Another corridor was broken by several large niches, one of which was dedicated to Horst Wessel. This hero of the Nazi youth, according to anti-Nazi sources a pimp and degenerate, was killed in a Berlin street brawl in 1930. A life-sized portrait of his stark naked corpse, still bleeding, stood bolt upright against one side of the niche.

Hitler's picture had appeared in various places throughout the Exhibition, but now we came to a section devoted entirely to him. Hundreds of photographs covered every incident of his life calculated to present him in a favorable light. Legends beneath the picture pounded home the conceit of Hitler as the savior of his country from Jews and Communists. Semi-mystical statements rallied everyone to give his life and his all for the "Leader." [illegible]

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superior to all mankind, the "chosen people." It was the end of the Exhibition.

As we walked through more passageways to the back entrance of the Reichstag, we passed a number of men selling postcards of exhibits. I could not get out into the air fast enough. When we finally got outside the building, Karl went off and Fritz turned to me with a satisfied air and demanded to know what I had thought of it. I thought of the controlled press, the controlled radio, all the thousand other propaganda agencies pounding home lies, boldly and subtly, day by day, into the minds and hearts of a people. How could any individual hope to stand out against such influences? But Fritz was waiting for his answer.

NAN FRANKLIN

The Playwright in Paradise

A Legend of the Beverly Hills

What shining phantom folds its wings before us?
  What apparition, smiling yet remote?
Is this—so portly yet so finely porous—
  The old friend who went West and never wrote?
That somber prince of wits, oppressed by Evil,
  Who made the rafters ring with insolent patter,
The floors quake with temblores of upheaval,
  The windows rattle with the tumbrils' clatter?
—The same, but born anew and better dressed:
  He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
We cannot clasp again the hand we pressed;
  Our anxious tasks are senseless in his sight;
We cannot speak to him.

But we must listen.
  "Beyond the mountains lies the sea," he breathes,
"Where breakers, blue and brineless, glide and glisten—
  And there we dance in bougainvillea wreaths,
Speeding the golden day with golden shoes;
  Or idle in an innocent collapse
With music and the lucent orange juice,
  While avocadoes drop into our laps.
We talk of glory—who glows brightest, least;
  And tell our gains, in decimals most dear
—And yet our riches may not reach the East,
  But fade like fairy gold at the frontier.

"We know that what we make is fair and good,
  From furrowed thought and sternest effort wrung.
—And yet to you who are not of our blood,
  Our very language seems a goblin tongue;
Our passions make you sleep or make you sick;
  Our characters are cookies cut from dough;
Our cunning plots, pure theorems of technique,
  Look all alike, and work you only woe.
Blind lead to you our blazing diamond prisms:
  A perfect *pratfall*[1] delicately placed;
A *weenie*[2] won through countless cataclysms;
  A dash of glamorous French *muff*[3] made chaste;
All history galloped as a gallant twosome,
  Designed with daring *gag*[4] and dainty *drehdel*,[5]
With many a *big take*,[6] *grand oh*,[7] *high gruesome*[8]:
  A king in mufti and a cottage mädel!
To see the life of music as a crooner
  Who loves a queen of song and doubts his future,
Dismayed by continental *goona-goona*,[9]
  But rescued by his native *ouchimagoocha*![10]
The toiling masses and their touching flight
  In Muni with his chin and cheekbones smeared!

"You mock our paradoxes—you are rash!
  Our mystic dogmas leave us free though fettered—
Great communists who only work for cash;
  Great writers spelling "cat" for the unlettered;
These and the great directors, titans tenser
  Than straining whippets, dreamers of bold scope—
Submissive to a medieval censor,
  A Mr. Breen commended by the Pope.

"—And now the supervisor calls," he cried.
  "I must away!"

He left me in a breath;
And that bright specter seemed to turn a dried
  Cadaver in the golden air of death.

EDMUND WILSON

1. *Pratfall:* full-length cropper, theoretically on the rear. Groucho Marx and his blonde topple and crash on the dance-floor.

2. *Weenie: dénouement.* The Girl has sworn she will marry a navy man; the Boy has been deprived of his commission for lovable insubordination. He retrieves it through an amazing feat of bravery and makes it possible for her to keep her vow.

3. *Muff:* the feminine element. An example of the achievement mentioned is the sequence in which Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. spend a night in a hunting lodge together without offending the Legion of Decency.

4. *Gag:* a joke, a comic device, usually acted out. The Bengal lancer plays his flute, and a cobra comes out from under the bed and sways in rhythm to the music, thereby causing much mirth in the mess.

5. *Drehdel* (from German *drehen*): an unexpected twist to a plot. Edward G. Robinson instructs his henchman to give the hero some knock-out drops; but the young man, to the surprise of the audience, continues to act energetically, due to the henchman's having gone over to his side.

6. *Big take:* strong emotional response to a situation. The Frankenstein monster finds that his buddy has been shot and goes mad with grief and rage. He *takes it big.*

7. *Grand oh:* extreme surprise. Maurice Chevalier is kissing the French maid when his wife comes into the room. They turn around and see her.

8. *High gruesome:* hair-raising drop from a great height. Harold Lloyd falls off the roof of an office building and only saves himself by grabbing the flagpole.

9. *Goona-goona:* erotic carryings-on. Derived from a picture about the love life of the brassièreless inhabitants of Bali.

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Shoot the Works

May the Tribe Increase

IN THE LIVELY SPEECH by Harold Ickes about columnists there was one passage to which I gave complete assent. On many other points I disagreed with him. Not by a comma would I alter anything he said about Broun, but I think he erred in his general conception of the functions and potentialities of the craft. Indeed I find myself in the embarrassing opinion of being largely in agreement with an editorial comment in The New York Herald Tribune.

"The vogue of the 'calumnists' is, indeed, a malady," says the newspaper leader. "On the other hand that of the columnists should be hailed as a sign of health, and especially by a gentleman who suspects the integrity of the press. For these commentators represent the last word in freedom of expression. Not only do they say what they think, in frequent opposition to the editorial policies of their newspapers, but quite as often as not it is because they do not see eye to eye with their employer that he engages their services. Thus 'columnitis' is really an effort by American newspapers to balance their budgets of opinion and give the public a choice of mentors. Say what you will of the tendency to pontificate which goes with it, it is a true and wholesome product of the liberty we cherish, a splendid modern symptom of that strange American infection known as the freedom of the press."

To be sure, The Herald Tribune pushes its claim too far. The paper could hardly contend that its own battery, consisting of Lippmann, Thompson, Sullivan and Sokolsky was selected with a view to giving the reader both sides of the New Deal. And yet on many issues both Mr. Lippmann and Miss Thompson have expressed opinions very definitely more liberal than the official views of the paper in which they appear.

And again it might be added that the role of Mark Sullivan is decidedly interesting. Seemingly his function on the paper of his original impetus is to prove that it is quite possible to get to the right of The New York Herald Tribune.

It cannot be denied that the liberty accorded to the better-known syndicated commentators is surprisingly broad. However, it is a good deal less universal than the editorial suggests. Columns have been chucked out and others have been changed or censored under certain circumstances in certain newspapers. Naturally I refer to practices which exist beyond the boundaries of New York City.

And Secretary Ickes did touch upon one kind of columning which is not mentioned in the editorial. At times an editor may use a columnist as a sort of tank, no personal reflection intended, to knock down the wire entanglements before the general attack begins. Thus a publisher could give mild lip-service in expressing devotion to the New Deal for strategic reasons of circulation and at the same time wage war against it through the medium of one of his syndicated seals. Often under such a potential set-up the columnist in question might be even more bitter than usual and yet if any complaint were made by readers against the tone and nature of the attack [illegible] a situation tending toward progress or the happiness of man

"Dear Subscriber—You do not expect me to interfere with the full and free expression of a columnist? That would be to vitiate the freedom of the press."

And yet in the main The Herald Tribune is right and Secretary Ickes is wrong. Many of the failings of columnists in general and of "calumnists" in particular can hardly be denied. But the press is better off because of this development. It gives more flexibility and play and clash of opinion. Mr. Ickes seemed to feel, in spite of a few passing compliments, that it would be well to exterminate the entire tribe of commentators. Perhaps my revulsion against such a procedure is largely personal for it so happens that some of my best friends are columnists. However, in a wholly objective way I think it might be possible to convince Harold L. Ickes that the goals which he desires could be reached more readily by an enlargement of the membership rather than a massacre or even a purge.

Paradoxes are often true and it may well be that because columnists are abominable in many ways there ought to be many more of them. This does make sense. Possibly the Monopoly Committee might know what I mean.

I think it would be just to say that as few as four people have an almost exclusive grant in the matter of influencing American public opinion. This is too few, since when this mixed quartette happens to be wholly on one side there is almost no chance for the opposite opinion. And as a rule the big four do not differ materially on vital questions.

From Maine, rock-ribbed, to sunny California these same names appear in the publications of every village, town and hamlet. This is a responsibility which should not be entrusted in a democracy to such a close corporation.

And so instead of advocating universal slaughter of commentators it would have been more useful if the Secretary had suggested that like the bison and the American Indian the columnists should be encouraged to breed and multiply.

If each locality had its own sage there would still be dogmatism and pontification. The errors committed by the present standing army would be amplified and magnified many times. But some of these blunders would cancel out.

There is some rule, I hope it is the Mendelian law, which points out that if a Mallon is crossed with a Mark Sullivan you may not get a primrose but a flaming tiger lily. At least it is worth trying.

Out of a diversity of commentators there should by all logic come a diversity of opinion. If the tribe of columnists increased to such an extent that they cluttered the earth they would crowd in upon one another and part of the pontifical quality might be worn away just through the rubbing of elbows.

Moreover, when a statesman attacks an existing evil he should take thought as to the state of the world after the massacre or major operation has been performed. Let us assume that Secretary Ickes woke up tomorrow morning and could find in no paper either Boake Carter, Lippmann or Dave Lawrence, would he really be content to see these names mentioned just once, and briefly, in the obituary column? He would not move out to his work in the proper fighting frame of mind.

When the columnists are gone there will be nothing to read but the newspaper editorials. I doubt if this would be

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Washington Notes

The Roosevelt Party

THE TUSSLE over the $150,000,000 WPA appropriation has brought about a new alignment in Congress. On the day of the final vote in the Senate, the breach between Mr. Roosevelt and "Dear Alben" Barkley was painful and undisguised. Never before has Mr. Roosevelt been in open conflict with his party's leadership in both Senate and House. Never before has he been willing to base his strategy exclusively on the support offered by the congressional left-wingers. Probably it is too early to say that a third party, the Roosevelt party, has been born. But if a Roosevelt party should come into existence in advance of the 1940 election, it would not be very different from the group that fought for the WPA.

The creation of this new congressional bloc was unpremeditated. It was not "planned that way." The truth seems to be that after last November's election Mr. Roosevelt impulsively decided that the WPA was a political liability. His friend, Mr. Hopkins, was hastily removed to the secretaryship of Commerce, and Colonel "Pinky" Harrington was put in his place. Colonel Harrington lacked Mr. Hopkins' prestige and political skill, and it was obvious that he would not have Mr. Hopkins' success in extracting money from Congress. It was reported that Mr. Roosevelt meant to liquidate the WPA, transferring its functions to an all-embracing relief agency of which the Social Security Board would be the dominant element—somewhat after the plans now being drafted by Senator Byrnes.

Mr. Roosevelt's original request last January for $875,000,000 was slightly below the amount recommended by relief experts. It meant abandoning hope of giving WPA jobs to the 400,000 able-bodied unemployed then on home relief. It was the bone-bare minimum needed to carry the WPA until next June. Last January many of the White House circle—although not all of them—were talking of the necessity of "closing ranks," of reëstablishing unity and discipline within the Democratic Party, even at the cost of concessions to the Democratic conservatives. The figure of $875,000,000 was intended to be a peace offering.

Among themselves, the conservatives had interpreted the November election as a defeat for Mr. Roosevelt. His hasty remodeling of the WPA was taken as a sign of panic. They decided to attack by cutting the WPA figure to $725,000,000. At the same time whispers reached Mr. Roosevelt that they meant to revise taxes, emasculate the Wagner labor act and modify the SEC. Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers were then in the midst of planning Mr. Hopkins' business-appeasement campaign. They found themselves faced with a hard choice. They sincerely wished to remove any just grievances of business; they wanted desperately to raise the national income to eighty billions. Yet if Mr. Roosevelt did not take a stand against the conservatives, there was danger that half the New Deal would be lost.

Wisely, in this department's opinion, Mr. Roosevelt [illegible] and fight at once. He was heavily defeated accepting his rebuff, Mr. Roosevelt asked that Congress reverse itself, and vote the $150,000,000 that had been cut from his original request. The official leadership of the House, except for the venerable Mr. Sabath, now quietly deserted him. Messrs. Bankhead, Rayburn, Boland, Taylor, Doughton, retreated to mouselike silence; the conservatives' able leader, Mr. Woodrum, appeared to have undisputed sway. But just as it was being predicted that Mr. Roosevelt would suffer a great humiliation, the House Roosevelt bloc spontaneously sprang into existence.

The chief House conservatives were Southerners, and the Roosevelt group threatened to defeat subsidies for cotton if the WPA appropriation was not passed. This threat they later carried out. Because of this, the fight in the House has since been described as one between city fellers and country folk, which is inexact. Perhaps the single most influential member of the Roosevelt bloc was the learned Representative Kent E. Keller of Illinois, an important part of whose constituents are farmers. In the past, members of the present Roosevelt bloc have been stout supporters of the Farm Security Administration in its efforts to help farm tenants and sharecroppers. If there is a preponderance of city representatives in the Roosevelt bloc, it is simply because New Deal sentiment is stronger among unionized labor than among farmers.

The recent fight in the Senate resembled that in the House. Just as the official leadership of the House deserted Mr. Roosevelt, so Senator Barkley tried to make a deal with the conservative leader, Senator Adams, without Mr. Roosevelt's consent. When it seemed that no voice would be raised in Mr. Roosevelt's behalf, a Roosevelt bloc sprang up, again spontaneously, this time under the parliamentary leadership of Senator Pepper. The Roosevelt bloc's tactics were sufficiently effective to drive Mr. Barkley into an embarrassing alliance with the Republican leader, Mr. McNary. On the decisive roll call, the Roosevelt bloc mustered twenty-eight votes.

Mr. Roosevelt's attention is now obviously absorbed by the imminence of war in Europe. Even if war does not come, it seems inevitable that domestic issues should be of secondary interest for a long time to come. The new alignment in House and Senate may be of little importance during the remainder of the present session. The chief task that can now be foreseen for it is to fight off changes in the Wagner act. Nevertheless, the break between Mr. Roosevelt and the official leadership in House and Senate should not be underestimated. We now have a reasonably precise division between Democratic sheep and goats. The Roosevelt bloc is a minority in each branch of Congress, but it constitutes a base for a genuinely liberal movement.

The last few days have seen the emergence of Postmaster General Farley's campaign for the 1940 nomination. About two years ago, Mr. Hopkins was sent to make a speech at Chautauqua, and it was understood here that this was to be his introduction to the New York county leaders. Mr. Hopkins was drowned in an onrush of hostile publicity. Six months later, a dinner was organized in New York City for Solicitor General Jackson. He encountered a similar wave of disfavor. Many observers suspected the secret hand of Mr. Farley, and their suspicions now seem

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Mr. Roosevelt's own New York delegation. He has undoubted strength among Democratic professionals all over the country. There is no group in the party likely to raise the Catholic issue against him. If he can go to the 1940 convention as the favorite son of New York, he will be a formidable candidate. T. R. B.

Washington

Other People's Money

The War-Profits Tax

THE SENATE will soon be called upon to deal with the anti-war-profits bill introduced by Senator Homer T. Bone and some forty-nine other Senators. When this bill was introduced various newspaper reporters made much of the point that the taxes in the higher brackets were so severe that they were confiscatory. A person with a million-dollar income, they announced in a burst of triumphant criticism, would actually be taxed $1,061,030, or $61,030 more than his income.

Here is how they worked it out. They assumed that the taxpayer's net taxable income for federal tax purposes would be $1,000,000. On that there would be a state tax in New York State of $79,750. The federal tax would be $981,280, making a total of $1,061,030.

This would indeed be confiscatory if it were true. But let us look at the facts. We begin with the assumption that the taxpayer has an income of $1,000,000 taxable for federal purposes. Let us assume the year we are dealing with is 1939. What is the net taxable income for federal purposes in 1939? To arrive at that figure one must deduct the state taxes paid in 1939 on the 1938 income. In other words, the person's income before taxes would be $1,000,000 plus the state tax paid. Assuming the taxpayer had the same income in 1938, the state tax on his 1938 income would be $79,750. His income in 1939 would be $1,079,750. His net income for federal purposes would be $1,079,750, less the $79,750 paid in state taxes.

To put this differently, the taxpayer's income must be shared by him with the federal government and the state government. The federal government permits him to deduct what he pays the state to arrive at the tax base for federal purposes. But the state does not permit him to deduct the federal tax to arrive at the base for state tax purposes. The taxable income for state purposes would be $1,079,750. The taxable income for federal purposes would be $1,079,750, less the state tax, making his taxable income for federal purposes $1,000,000. That's how we arrive at a million-dollar net taxable income. And so when our reporters took a net income of a million dollars as an illustration they took an income from which the state taxes for the preceding year had been deducted.

Now with this as a base, let us see what a taxpayer would pay under this bill. He is paying income taxes on his 1939 income. These he will pay in 1940 of course. His 1939 income is $1,079,750. Now what will he have to pay?

State income tax		
Federal income tax		
6 percent on $1,000,000	$ 60,000	
Tax on $20,000	9,880	
93 percent on balance of $980,000	911,400	
		981,280
Total tax		$1,067,390

As his income is $1,079,750, his tax consumes all but $12,360 of his income. This is a very different result from the one given by the critics. It leaves this million-dollar gentleman very little, it is true, but it is in conformity with the principle of the bill to leave to people earning over $20,000 no more than around $10,000 a year in the event of war. One may quarrel with the principle, but that is another question. It has nothing to do with the actual arithmetical problem of computing how much tax will be taken.

Now, of course, one may say that this overlooks the fact that the man has paid $79,750 in income taxes to the state out of his 1939 income already. That is not quite true. That $79,750 deduction was the tax for 1938. It was paid in 1939, but it was actually assessed against the 1938 income. We cannot undertake to assume out of what year's income it was paid. But one thing we know. We cannot, in determining how much taxes a man will pay out of his 1939 income, add the state taxes for 1938 and the state taxes for 1939 also. We cannot assess two years' taxes against that one year's income. And that is precisely what the critics did in this case. By taking a million-dollar-a-year income for federal tax purposes, they assumed an income from which had already been deducted the state taxes for the preceding year. And having deducted the state taxes for the preceding year, to arrive at the million, they then proceeded to deduct the state taxes for the taxable year.

Why the drastic tax? A tax of $1,067,390 out of $1,079,750 looks pretty stiff. Yes, it is. But remember, this is a wartime measure. How about the young man who has a job paying him a salary of $3,000 or $5,000 and who is drafted for the army. Not only is his body taken for military purposes to be shot at, but his entire $5,000 salary is extinguished and he is given $360 a year by the government. Pretty tough? Yes, to be sure. But the government needs him—all of him, his entire body and perhaps his entire life, his whole supply of blood, not just 93 percent. Will anyone contend that it is less just to take 93 percent of the earnings of the man who remains behind?

Now of course there is the economic argument—namely, that this will upset the economic system. That is a long story. But as a matter of fact a war will upset in the most alarming manner the economic system. As for profits, men may enjoy them for a year or two, but with the end of the war the profits will be quickly extinguished, as they were last time. The object of this bill is not to upset, but to protect the economic system. These taxes will certainly upset the economic habits of those who are taxed. But they will protect the economic life of the nation as a whole. They are indeed the only way to safeguard the national economic life against the disastrous effects of war inflation.

Men have got to make up their minds that war is not a means to a boom, but that it is a grim and terrible thing which involves sacrifices and that these sacrifices must be shared by the whole society—by the young men who will

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For a Picture . . .

THE MOVIE "Wuthering Heights" came just in time. The film year has been about the leanest in seven—and Sam Goldwyn's version of the novel turns out to be among the best pictures made anywhere. Our sleepyheads in the prints and the industry itself have been apologizing and deprecating and rolling sheep's eyes at the legitimate stage for so long that the habit of playing down movies is ingrained, while even in mildly good theatre there seems to be nothing but sky for a limit to critical hurrah. I have enjoyed quite a few of this season's plays, yet most of them don't make more than a good patch on "Wuthering Heights," for truth, vigor and thorough expression in the form. Just watch the words go by, however, and count how many times this picture is very respectfully restricted to being, oh quite fine—for a picture.

Pictures made from novels, especially novels everyone is supposed to have read, are usually desperate ventures; but in this case the script writers were both sober and skillful enough to get a film story out of the book: it was impossible they should not lose some of the solid effect, but on the other hand they have delivered the action from that heavy weight of words. The production was given the best in everything except music, and the best in this case included a free rein to sincere workmanship. From then on it was up to William Wyler's direction, cameras and cast.

Wyler has many adult jobs to his credit, but more than usual was required of him here, a sustained mood of bleakness and sullen passions. Part of this is achieved in the film by remarks in character, and part by the setting on the Yorkshire moors (some artificiality shows through, reminding you of the superior natural effects of a film like "South Riding"). But the closeness with which the story holds together is ultimately the result of the way director, photographer and cutters have used what should be called the moving camera, the part of photography that goes beyond a register of things to the position from which they are seen, moved up to, led away from, to the value in tempo and coloring of each strip of film with relation to that of all preceding and following strips—the camera telling a story.

It is a very intricate and wonderful art, and William Wyler's staff have achieved one of its best examples. Without the distraction of trick effects, however stunning, they have taken a story anchored to three main points and with most of its action interior, and given it a pattern of constant forward motion, with overtones maintained throughout the rise of interest and suspense. The art serves its true purpose unobtrusively, and for that reason will not be fully appreciated unless you start asking yourself afterwards how else in the world you would have gone about it.

Laurence Olivier makes a fine cryptic and dominant job of Heathcliff, and Merle Oberon opposite him gets over the difficulties of being beautiful, wild and sweet all at once very well. The only fault with the picture as a whole, though, is that these people are not in themselves twisted enough to make their actions and end inevitable: they are able to give credence to a scene once they are in it, but they have not by intrinsic nature prepared you for the revelation sensitivity and intelligence that go beyond simple trouping. For the rest, the cast was as near perfection as you could ask: Donald Crisp, Leo G. Carroll (a pity he had so little, with that dry and infinite capacity of his), Flora Robson and all the others right down to the Great Danes.

The production was done with such dignity and grace as to remind us again that the chances of artistic purity in such a vastly complex business are at least a hundred to one (good director, mean producer; good cast, weak script; good subject, sloppy treatment; good start, meddlesome bankers; and so on indefinitely). But for all the funny jokes about Sam Goldfish, for all the self-hugging that goes on when American Flag meets Hammernsickle along Broadway with sufficient vitality to draw a few thousands, I am reminded again by a picture like "Wuthering Heights" that art should be high and vivid enough, maybe once in a century, to slip out of the custodianship of a jealous and self-conscious culture club, spilling its effect into the lives of our eternal millions.

Add Notes from a Ten O'Clock Scholar. – "Huckleberry Finn" is probably the hardest picture in the world to make, for the story is as much a part of all of us as our childhood, and as difficult to recapture. The current MGM version is fairly well done, and its shortcomings are canceled out by the presence of Mickey Rooney, who is my Huckleberry against all comers. When you see such good veterans as Walter Connolly and William Frawley being allowed (or made) to play as though they were end-men for some insolvent minstrel show, and see Mickey breaking through in spite of everything, you get some idea of the vigor and finish of this young talent. (Mickey is getting to be a big boy now but we are not going to send him to CCNY, as he is reserved for Lord Geoffrey Amherst and the immortals.)

The action of the picture is carried out about as well as its abrupt simplicity permits; I liked the atmosphere, the quiet home, the raft, the riverboats and the river; and once you discount the general hollowness of the supporting cast, you can excuse all excess sentiment on the grounds of faithfulness to the original. But it is Mickey Rooney's picture as it should be, the story of a tarnal nuisance but ideal American kid, living out his small pleasures, miseries and rebellions along the great river.

Add Postscripts. – The issue in which I noted the public heckling of the Federal Theatre's "Swing Mikado" was not on the stands before it was announced that the play had been sold. I have a suspicion that the suddenness of the move if not the move itself was a direct result of the show put on by those congressional clowns I was speaking of. Of course anybody can take the chance of buying in on a show before it is produced. But buying a hit show? Buying gold mines after the expenses have been paid off? Go ask the Shuberts. Go buy "Hellz-a-Poppin," why don't you. There is humor in the fact that while Sol Bloom was bleeding for Michael ("Hot Mikado") Todd and the wound in his private enterprise, he was hastening the sale of the production to a man who now threatens to move the play into a theatre right across the street from "The Hot Mikado." But there aren't many laughs in the fact that

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The Bandwagon

Answer to the claim that wealth in the United States is owned by a comparatively few families is found in an economic-research report just issued by the University of Notre Dame, which shows that this country's assets are of a type that do not permit of concentration. . . .

The survey excludes paper money and securities as being evidences of ownership and not physical assets. – *From The Los Angeles Daily News.*

Assemblymen Seth Millington, Gridley and Chester Gannon, Sacramento, joint authors of the measure, yesterday argued children should be taught to respect the Flag "with whippings if necessary just as they are compelled to learn the three R's."

"In these days of dictators we should use the iron fist to teach patriotism," said Mr. Gannon. – *From an item in The San Francisco News.*

Cross the River on a Lipstick

At the same time we've got the government spending hand-over-fist on such things as roads and dams and bridges. These must be important or the government wouldn't be spending its money that way. But they're not nearly so important as pretty faces. – *From a United Press interview with Miss Loretta Young, who suggests a Federal Bureau of Public Beauty.*

But He Can't Sit in Everybody's Lap

Yet when Winthrop was small enough to wriggle into his grandfather's lap to ingratiate himself for dimes, the elder Rockefeller, whose calculating eyes had appraised hundreds of men, exclaimed delightedly: "That boy will make his way in the world!" – *From the Sunday Magazine Section of The New York Times.*

Chamberlain's Face Is Red

Whoever concludes a treaty with England against Germany, thereby simultaneously makes a pact with Bolshevism. – *The Berlin newspaper Nachtausgabe quoted in The New York Post.*

Life Begins at Forty—If at All

The Japanese command has published an order that all males between the ages of twelve and forty in such villages be executed on the assumption that they aided the guerillas. – *From The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Union Teachers and Intellectual Integrity

SIR: In The New Republic for March 15, President Jerome Davis of the American Federation of Teachers declares, "I can say with complete assurance that the charges of 'Communist control' are untrue. . . . So far as New York locals have been cited, similar charges have been disproved in the past." As chairman of the Columbia University chapter, I insist they have never been *refuted.*

Stalinists *and their allies* have 50 percent of the National Council vote; it is divided eight to eight on crucial issues. This CP half is not all "pure" Communist, but is composed of some confused liberals who aid it as proof that they are superior to petty "sectarianism." All but two of the twenty-four members of the Executive Board of the New York College Teachers Union (of which I am an ex-officio member) vote in accordance with what both sides understand is the omnipresent "party line." When it changes, they change.

Since specific "chapter-and-verse" documentary evidence testifying to the reality of Stalinist influences has been publicly called for, I submit the following *facts:*

(1) At the annual convention last August, a resolution petitioning the Governor of North Carolina to pardon Fred Beals was introduced. The case of this political prisoner is comparable to that of Tom Mooney. He is an ex-Communist (made such by his experiences in the USSR) whose struggle for a fair trial is endorsed by the American Civil Liberties Union. The official Communist Party, however, opposes Beals's release because in its eyes he is a renegade and a "traitor to the working class." The principal floor opponents of the resolution were Bella Dodd, Dale Zysman and Isidore Begun, all of New York. After a bitter and excited debate, the motion was defeated by about 170 to 140. Liberals who could support the CP in this instance have a curious double standard of morality, to say the least. Was this outcome purely accidental? Or does it not indicate that a fundamental tenet of contemporary Stalinism was put to the test—and triumphed because its supporters had the power to manipulate the situation? For confirmation, consult the minutes of the meeting available from the national secretary's office.

(2) The New York Teacher, The College News-Letter and some other house organs accept nothing which could not equally well be issued by The Daily Worker or The New Masses. The "collective security" or pro-war policies of the CP have become the measure of contributor orthodoxy within the Union; so effective is the present editorial censorship that the pacifist and isolationist sentiments of "minority" members are unofficially but completely debarred from the very journals of professional discussion their dues help to support! The present article has no chance of being brought to the attention of *all* Union members, for much milder and delicately indirect manuscripts on a variety of issues that conflicted with the Stalinist line have been none too politely rejected. If anyone doubts this, see what happens to a test manuscript. Things have come to a pretty pass when an organization that is rightly committed to the teaching of controversial issues in schools prohibits the discussion of similar topics in its official journals! For supporting data, examine the files of the periodicals listed at the head of this paragraph.

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T. S. ELIOT

has, in the opinion of Peter Monro Jack in the *New York Times Book Review* written

"the finest verse play since the Elizabethans"

THE FAMILY REUNION

A VERSE PLAY WITH A CONTEMPORARY SETTING

The review says further: "A delightful and exhilarating play. . . I should doubt that the resources of plain English have been more masterfully used in the exposition of a difficult dramatic situation. Not a word is wasted and yet there seems a rich flow of language. . . . It seems to me that what poets and playwrights have been fumbling at in their desire to put poetry into drama and drama into poetry has here been realized. It is this kind of play, designed first for the theater and then expressed in terms of clear, dramatic poetry, that has the best chance of survival." $1.50

Ruth McKenney
INDUSTRIAL VALLEY

"For sheer dramatic excitement, for effective organization as a story, there isn't one among all the strike novels to match this essentially true story."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* *2nd printing.* $3.00

Martha Dodd
THROUGH EMBASSY EYES

Erika Mann, The Nation: "In the poisonous, hot-house atmosphere of the Third Reich, four years are like twenty, and it is an earnest, understanding woman, knowing life in all its wretchedness, who here undertakes to speak out about the unspeakable."
5th printing, $3.00

Two notable translations from the Greek by the modern poets

Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES $1.50

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Genevieve Taggard writes: "Fitts and Fitzgerald have done something very remarkable in their English versions. These are the only versions I will want to read in the future, and the only versions I would give to poets and students."

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—*Harry Hansen,*
N. Y. World-Teleg

Oswald Garriso
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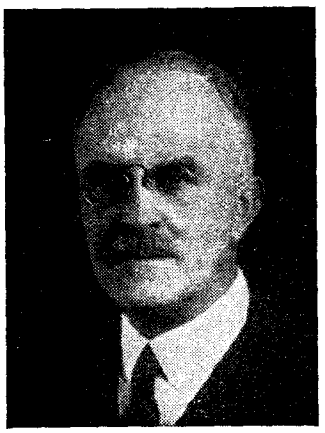

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AND COMPANY
E, NEW YORK

Katherine Anne Porter's

PALE HORSE, PALE RIDER

"Three short novels which belong with the best of contemporary U. S. writing in this difficult form."—*Time Magazine.*

"Miss Porter has contrived to produce an emotional effect that few, if any, of her contemporaries have been able to match."—*Ralph Thompson, N. Y. Times.*

"She moves in the illustrious company headed by Hawthorne, Flaubert, and Henry James."—*Paul Rosenfeld, Saturday Review.*

"There is a kind of magic about everything Miss Porter writes. . . . We have waited a long time but it has been worth it."—*Edith H. Walton, N. Y. Times.*

"Story values distilled down to an essence as clear and fragrant as that of Katherine Mansfield's work."—*William Soskin, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

Dorothy Canfield
SEASONED TIMBER

"Her story is also an allegory, one of pressing vital significance to every American city and village and main street."—*William Soskin, N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Desmond Holdridge
FEUDAL ISLAND

South America, the Brazilian scene, and particularly the island of Marajo, feudal relic in a modern world, are the background for this lively book of people, adventure, and topical comment. *With many photographs, and notes on tropical photography.* $2.50

Josephine Herbst
ROPE OF GOLD

"Powerful, original novel. . . . No one, not even Hemingway or Lewis, has a surer sense and command of the vernacular."—*Saturday Review.* $2.50

Stuart Chase
THE NEW WESTERN FRONT

"Every American who wants the United States to keep out of war at all costs and wants arguments to combat those who don't should hurry to a bookstore and get this . . . the best exposition yet of the self-sufficiency argument."—*N. Y. World-Telegram.* $1.50

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admonitory "Committee on Factionalism Inquiry" Report in 1933 and sorrowfully to leave the Union in 1935. The same cause provoked the resignations at various intervals of Professors Harold Rugg, Bruce Raup, F. E. Johnson, Louis Hacker, Mary E. Townsend, John L. Childs and many others. These prominent liberal scholars left not because a "few" Communists in the organization made them "intolerant," but because representatives of this political group had captured the apparatus of the union and by their behavior made it impossible for them to remain. The Teachers' Guild seceded from the Union in 1935 because of impending Stalinist control; did their withdrawal leave proportionately more or less Communists in command of the situation? When Dewey or Linville—the men who really established the New York branch of the American Federation of Teachers—felt compelled to abandon their own creation, none but the strongest motives could be responsible. *Witnesses: all the educators mentioned in this section. Ask them.*

(4) A publication called The Educational Vanguard, stating that it was issued by the "Teachers' College Units of the Communist Party," has often been distributed on the Columbia University campus. All articles were unsigned and no editors' names were ever printed. So gross were its anonymous defamations of distinguished faculty members that many union members became convinced that the cause of democracy in education was injured and not helped by such methods. A specific resolution condemning the local Communist groups for their unethical conduct in this respect was introduced at a chapter meeting on February 17, 1938. This the Stalinists and their "innocents" succeeded in tabling indefinitely. For a complete record of this situation, see the back copies of The Vanguard and the article in the February number of The Social Frontier by George S. Counts, a competent historian and sociologist and a mature student of Soviet culture who has often been maligned as a Communist by an ignorant or hostile reactionary press.

(5) Perhaps the clearest and most representative instance of the direct damage that Stalinists have done to the cause of unionism among teachers is the attack made in late December by the Joint Board of New York Teachers' Unions upon my colleague, Professor John L. Childs. The retort of the local union officials to his frank statement of the cause of his withdrawal was a masterpiece of "character-assassination," but a complete evasion of his definite charge of Communist control. This aroused the indigation of many Columbia members who knew Dr. Childs as a fearless and incorruptible man—the sort of teacher the Union should be proud to have within its ranks. Consequently at its regular meeting on January 12, the following resolution was introduced by a Socialist professor of classical languages:

> The Columbia Chapter disavows all public attacks on Professor Childs impugning his integrity, progressivism or devotion to the labor movement that have been made by the "Joint Board" of Teachers' Unions of New York City, and calls upon this body publicly to withdraw such attacks, and to present its apologies to Professor Childs.

I have rarely presided at a stormier session than the one which followed. For fully three hours the rival groups struck at each other, much to the embarrassment of the "middle-of-the-roaders" who preferred at least the appearance of internal harmony. The Stalinists and their satellites were obviously worried, for they used every imaginable parliamentary trick to defeat the unanticipated motion. All their major officers from other colleges in the metropolitan district were present, and although they could not vote they talked twice as often and twice as long as the supporters of this resolution in an effort to persuade the uninformed. Toward midnight it was clear to me that a [illegible] of the opposition

phasizing that my own experience—not to mention the evening's developments themselves—had completely confirmed the correctness of Professor Childs's contentions. The resolution was finally passed by a vote of twenty-three to sixteen. Since the lines were tightly drawn on this occasion, these figures have precisely the meaning that the perspicacious reader will see in them. Despite the clear demand for chapter autonomy which this vote registered, the officials of the New York local did nothing to conform with even the spirit of this motion; instead it was permanently "tabled" after two months of delay. As a gesture of protest against this willful and discourteous overruling of the clearly expressed desires of the chapter most intimately affected by this action, I resigned the presidency. Those who wish to check these points may examine the records of the chapter secretary, Professor Belle Northrup.

I reject the claim that the best interests of the Union are furthered by persistently denying the reality of a substantial body of Communist influence within it, or that "the good of the Union" requires the suppression of unpleasant facts about its inner life. I must protest against tendencies hurtful to the integrity of the teaching profession such as warning or threatening members that any contemplated "exposure" will produce nothing but bitterness, damage to their reputations, or the loss of their "following." This ugly situation is not peculiar to the AFT, but exists in even more important sectors of the American labor movement. I refuse to adhere to the superstition of many liberals that any critique of Stalinist tactics means that one is an agent of the Dies Committee; on the contrary, I hold that the CP is no "sacred cow" and that failure to report the results of one's investigation is treason to the highest canons of science and scholarship. Finally, I hope that Dr. Davis, The New Republic, or anyone else who is disposed to "whitewash" the present Union administration in New York will first make a thorough and independent inquiry into the authenticity and validity of the evidence listed under the five heads above. Fairly interpreted by honest seekers after the truth in the field of human and social relations, the data can lead to but one conclusion. Need I repeat what that is?

GEORGE W. HARTMANN
Columbia University, New York City

SIR: In my article in The New Republic, I clearly stated that it has long been a fundamental principle of the American Federation of Teachers that we do not discriminate against any member on account of race, religious faith, or political belief. Of course, we have some Communist teachers who belong.

Mr. Hartmann happens to belong to a small minority in our Federation who would bar from membership all Communists or even those suspected of communism. The overwhelming majority of our membership believes in the same democratic right of members to their own political belief within the Federation that they enjoy under the Constitution outside.

I cannot speak with the same knowledge about the New York locals as I can speak of the national organization. There I can say it is preposterous and contrary to fact to say that "Stalinists and their allies have 50 percent of the National Council vote." I have been on the Council for three years and so far as I am aware, there has never been a vote on a Communist issue. Whenever the Council has been divided eight to eight, it has been on matters of organizational or educational policy. I am not a Communist, and I do not believe that Communists controlled either side.

Let me answer the "facts" listed:

1. It is true that the resolution on Beals was not passed, but the same thing happened to a resolution on "collective security," which I believe the Communist Party favors. I

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both these issues is that they felt these were not the important educational issues which we could profitably spend time hearing argued in heated and extended debate.

2. The New York Teacher and The College News-Letter need no defense from me. Examine the material printed. It is largely concerned with educational matters, not political.

3. In regard to alleged Communist control of the New York unions, ask Ned Dearborn, Dean of the Division of General Education of New York University. In an interview regarding his joining the college union published in The New York Times of December 5, he is reported as follows:

"Dean Dearborn told reporters that 'this is one of the finest honors that has ever come to me.' Disagreeing with the charges of communism made against the Union by the Teachers' College faction, he declared that 'I just can't understand why those professors resigned.' "

4. The Educational Vanguard has nothing to do with the American Federation of Teachers. Clyde Miller, head of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, has stated that the Columbia chapter was quite wise in not acting on a resolution concerned with a publication which is not issued by the American Federation of Teachers.

5. It would seem to me that if a resolution by a Socialist professor asking that apologies be made to Professor Childs was passed, this is clear proof that the membership is not controlled by Communists. Mr. Hartmann refutes his own position.

Any "honest seeker after the truth in the field of human and social relations" can come to but one conclusion about the American Federation of Teachers: that while there are Communists within its ranks, there are also Republicans, Socialists and Democrats; and that it is not now, nor ever has been, controlled by Communists. The doors of the AFT have been, and are, open to all teachers who are interested in working for the welfare of the profession, regardless of their political, religious or racial background. The American Federation of Teachers has never been, and will never be, swayed from its fundamental and wholehearted devotion to the needs of American education and democracy.

JEROME DAVIS, President,
American Federation of Teachers

New York City

[We have received two other letters that we are unable to print in full because of lack of space. Charles J. Hendley, president, Local 5, and vice-president of the AFT, says that The New York Teacher does not entirely exclude controversial issues—for example, it printed controversy on collective security vs. isolation until the union took a position on the issue. But it is directed by the Executive Board of Local 5 to devote its space mainly to matters of education and working conditions of teachers. Mr. Hendley cites frequent elections, recall and referendum among many factors of the union's democracy. Although the teachers named have resigned, the local's present membership is four times that of 1933. As for the union's criticism of Professor Childs, he and Mr. Hartmann have publicly and severely criticized the union. They must not think they are themselves above criticism.

Edwin Berry Burgum, president of the New York College Teachers' Union, regrets in the name of the union, that Mr. Hartmann, a member of it, "has believed it desirable to print inaccurate and misleading statements." With reference to Hr. Hartmann's criticism of the Executive Board of his union, Mr. Bu[illegible] twenty-three members, that the size of the majority vote has varied considerably, that it is untrue to imply that every resolution passes with one or two dissenting votes. But Mr. Hartmann has attended only one of the thirteen meetings since October. He wishes to make it appear as though the Executive Board spent its meetings discussing almost exclusively political topics. But all except a small portion of its time is spent discussing technical and professional matters. Mr. Hartmann must know this, as all Board members are sent the full minutes in mimeographed form. He gives the impression that The College News-Letter is a propaganda sheet, but actually it never publishes political articles. It prints committee, board and membership decisions, and the like, with comment. The description of the Columbia chapter is inaccurate; for example, the resolution passed by the chapter was not "permanently tabled" by the Joint Board, but temporarily tabled pending a conference with Professor Childs. He has not accepted two invitations. "It appears that Mr. Hartmann is a firm supporter of democracy provided that the majority agrees with him." – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Marion E. Lewis of Marshfield, Massachusetts, writes her criticism of John T. Flynn's proposal that milk prices should be brought down by cutting out the delivery system. She condemns Mr. Flynn to take a baby on one arm and a market basket on the other, to fill the basket with groceries and add two quarts of milk, and then walk a quarter of a mile. She thinks he is forgetting that the majority of mothers with small children are already overworked. Miss Lewis is in favor of lower milk prices, and her answer is government control of the industry. . . . Miriam S. Farley of the Institute of Pacific Relations in San Francisco, California, agrees with our previous correspondent Charles H. Bennett that "AF of L looks like hell" typographically. With the last issue The New Republic changed its style. It will be "AFL" from now on.

Jean Davis of Brookline, Massachusetts, wonders how many of the lisle stockings women are now wearing—because they won't wear Japanese silk—are made in Germany. She says she can't get satisfactory answers from salesgirls on the subject; they admit some of the stockings are imported but just "from the Continent." She suggests people write Washington to check up—and in the meantime be careful what lisle they buy. . . . Dr. J. V. Tanz of New York City proposes that, to curb the rising tide of intolerance, all private agencies that use printed matter, hire halls or buy radio time be required by law to permit easy access to study of their finances, and—like political parties—to report contributions.

Hiram Lackey of Indianapolis writes to criticize the series of articles on foreign countries by Roy Howard that have been appearing in the Scripps-Howard papers. "We want discussion inspired by intellectual honesty, not debate stimulated by hate and prejudice." He thinks Scripps-Howard in general has an inferiority complex and is trying to cut down Russia's moral stature so its own will not look so short by comparison.

The Committee for the New Mexican People writes about the Liga Obrera, the organization that has been formed by the Spanish-Americans of New Mexico to protect their land and to gain for them better schools, hygiene and greater social equality. In the Rio Grande Valley 8,000 families face foreclosure and eviction from homes that have been theirs 300 years, as a result of Chamber of Commerce taxation for an irrigation scheme. The Committee wants to send the Liga Obrera $100 a month, and asks that contributions [illegible]

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The Liberalism of O. G. Villard

MR. VILLARD's book of memoirs,[1] compact of militancy, indignation and an underlying sense of failure, lights up a whole period in the history of American liberalism. It does not to the same degree delineate a personality. There is little in it of the interior writing that has marked the creative tradition in modern autobiography, from Rousseau to Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens. The category it falls into is "this I remember and this I did," rather than "this is how I shaped my view of life." Despite the warm chapters on the author's childhood years, on his Harvard days, on his early experiences as a reporter in Philadelphia, there is a poverty in the book of education in its deepest sense. Mr. Villard is not interested in the painful and experimental unfolding of a personality. The focus is always on an impassioned view of the external rather than on a detached view of the internal world. The crowded pages form a portrait gallery of public figures whose lives impinged on that of the writer—Presidents, Prime Ministers, Cabinet officials, generals, journalists, reformers, adventurers. But while Steffens' first question about a man was always, "How can I learn from him what makes the world tick?" Villard's was always, "How far do his ideals conform with mine, and how can I influence his action?" While Steffens, like Henry Adams before him, was primarily interested in the search for truth and saw life as an unending quest, Mr. Villard is primarily interested in the propagation of truth and sees life as an unending battle.

There are three things about the book that will give it interest for many readers. One is its magnificently concrete sense of incident and personality. Mr. Villard has the quick eye of the journalist for the telling detail: there are few complete portraits in the book but there are few men mentioned to the outlines of whose personality Mr. Villard does not add a specific touch from first-hand acquaintance; and there are many amusing incidents in an essentially humorless book.

The second is the journalist's frankness and iconoclasm in dealing with prominent public figures. President McKinley was "dishonest." General Leonard Wood was "blindly ambitious," mixed up in shady deals, and "were he living today he would be the ideal fascist leader." All the Roosevelts have had a "propensity for not telling the truth when it served their purposes," but T. R. was, according to Villard, a liar and a craven many times over; despite his denial that he had solicited funds from Wall Street for his 1904 campaign against Parker, Villard quotes conversations with two Wall Street men, one of them Henry C. Frick, asserting flatly that T. R. in a panic about his campaign had sent for Frick, Harriman, Twombly, Lamont and others to come to the White House, and asked and got from them a quarter of a million dollars in return for a promise to leave Big Business alone in his second term. "He got down on his knees to us," Frick told Villard—"we bought the son of a bitch and then he did not stay bought." Charles E. Hughes was "narrow, obstinate and opinionated." Taft was "extremely lazy and a great procrastinator." "Fighting Bob" La Follette, like Senator Norris, is praised for his anti-war stand, but his great 1912 speech on monopoly—one of the classics in the movement against the power of concentrated wealth—is dismissed with the explanation that its long, rambling and vituperative character was due to the speaker's "being under the influence of liquor." Wilson comes in for an extra measure of condemnation. His sharp shift from a conservative New Jersey Governor to a radical candidate for President already augured his later treachery about war and peace, his career was a "long series of broken friendships"; "he was inordinately wrapped up in himself and his future"; he was "extremely penurious"; he was narrow and cowardly on the Negro problem, weak and deceitful about the war issue, caught up in the war madness, unwilling to lift a finger to restrain the suppressions of freedom of press and the cruelties inflicted on conscientious objectors, invariably ungrateful, inexplicably rude, crassly opportunist.

The third appeal of the book lies in its giving a historical framework for pacifist liberalism today. Mr. Villard speaks early in the book of the passion that led his grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, to close his mind to every other consideration where the question of Negro freedom was involved. Mr. Villard devotes the same obsessive energy to the World War and the peace that followed it. Increasingly it has come to occupy the center of his thinking, to organize his memories of the past and his perspective of the present. His most memorable experiences were those of a leader of the opposition to America's entrance into the War. As a result, he was ostracized by his own social group, was hounded by mobs and came close to being tarred and feathered in Cincinnati. That sort of experience is not easily forgotten, and Mr. Villard has not forgotten it. His most stirring chapters are on Paris during the Peace Conference and on Munich and Berlin during the days of armistice, revolution, assassinations. The emphasis throughout is on the blundering entrance into war, the dictated peace, the blind ruthlessness of the Allied diplomats and their outmaneuvering of Wilson, their refusal to recognize that they were sowing the seeds of revolution and reaction in Central Europe.

It is here that his meaning for the history of American liberalism lies. His best fighting years were the years of fighting against an imperialist war and a Carthaginian peace. He reached the height of his powers between 1914 and 1920, the beginning of the War and the end of the Peace, during his last years on The Post and his first on The Nation. This was liberalism's Heartbreak House. In it Villard could vent his bitter indignation at the insolence of office, the pride and treachery of power, the tyranny of the unthinking mob. This lashing indignation reached thousands of homes, and brought with it a comforting sense of the community of the little band of high-minded in the desert of American life.

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was a woefully inadequate weapon with which to confront a ruthless and planless corporate capitalism. No clear outlines can be found in the entire book of a conception of social causation, a theory of history, a program of action. His notions about society have neither body nor precision. His career spans the period from the 1890's to the present, over forty years of the mightiest industrial concentration and the sharpest social clash in our history. Yet one searches the book in vain for evidences of an understanding of the class interests and tensions that were changing the face of America. This may account for the feeling the reader gets of being in contact with an instrument, a lens that makes some outlines terribly sharp and leaves others distressingly fuzzy. The sharpness proceeds from the journalist's eye, the concentrated passion of a reformer who was not content to rest on his inherited wealth but made out of his life one long cry of indignation at man's inhumanity to man. The fuzziness lies in the vaguely moral approach to politics and economics, the uncritical acceptance of a set of liberal doctrines that were as little based on logic as the reactionary doctrines of the day. It lies above all else in the blurring that occurs when an absolutist dream impinges upon the area of social possibility.

Mr. Villard's name has been widely linked with "liberalism," and his book abounds in vague identifications of himself and his group with the liberal movement of the day. One feels almost as if liberalism had been handed down to him as a family heirloom. In a sense, of course, it had. His mother was the daughter of William Lloyd Garrison. His father, Henry Villard, had brought with him to America the aspirations of the German libertarian movement of the 1840's. He was an admirer and follower of Edward L. Godkin, who had founded The Nation and become editor of The New York Post, both of which Henry Villard bought and merged. Godkin used to complain of the dearth of good writers in America; and Villard, visiting London in 1918, looked enviously at the roster of great writing names that H. W. Nevinson had gathered around him in The New Statesman. He sets down Nevinson's abundance to the British university system. But that is a surface explanation. Actually English liberalism was more homogeneous than American; it was concentrated in the intellectual Fabian-Liberal-Labor circles in London. But it would be dangerous to get the impression that the New York Mugwumps and the Cambridge Brahmins had a monopoly of American liberalism in Godkin's day. There were other liberal strains, if only an important journal had found it worth while to quarry for them. From Henry Demarest Lloyd and Edward Bellamy to Bob La Follette, from Thorstein Veblen to Charles Beard, there were rich and strong currents in American liberal thought in the quarter-century before the World War. But they passed by Godkin and Charles Eliot Norton and Paul Elmer More marooned on The Nation.

This is important if we wish an insight into Mr. Villard's liberal mentality. For all the changes that he made on The Nation after he took it over in 1918, the liberal tradition he himself followed was still mainly that of Godkin. Other brands found their way in, through some of the brilliant young editors whom he gathered around himself from 1918 to 1933 and who helped so largely to make The [illegible] The [illegible]

himself has never shown a strong curiosity about the creative strains in American progressive and radical thought, and his book shows no traces of it.

There is a brilliant analysis of Godkin's outlook in the third volume of Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought." He was at heart an aristocrat who devoted his life to a vision of a democracy led by a cultured élite. He took the already frayed garment of Manchesterian liberalism and threw it around his shoulders when he went forth to battle the elements of American political and economic life in the Machine Age. His political creed was honesty in government and his basic political assumption was that no governing group could be honest. He was horrified at the new surging forces of American life—at the crude strength of the labor movement and the sense of awakened power in the financiers. His ignorance of economic theory did not prevent him from making the most magisterial declarations in his editorial columns upon economic policy (Mr. Villard calls him "the greatest editorial writer the American press has ever produced"). His creed was a free market, free trade, sound money and a Civil Service, and he clung to them the more desperately as they became ever more futile amidst the wrack of his world. "His later comments," Parrington writes, "tended to become ever thinner and shriller —not criticism at all, but the sharp expression of aging prejudice."

This is the tradition in which Mr. Villard was steeped and which he inherited. I have had the experience, during random hours of browsing through old volumes of The Nation, of coming upon editorial leaders in the margin of which was penciled "E.L.G." and of recognizing with a start the ring of familiarity that linked them with some current page of "Issues and Men" that I had been reading only a few hours before. In several respects Villard has modified the Godkin tradition. His fight for Negro rights was already implicit in Godkin's first editorial statement in The Nation of July 6, 1865, yet it has been waged with a courage and an explicitness that have made it one of Villard's great crusades. His fight for the economic, political and sexual emancipation of women would have horrified Godkin. He has been far more sympathetic to trade-unionism, yet his readers will remember the way in which he joined the outcry against labor "violence" during the organization of the CIO, and helped to lay the foundations for the present campaign against the Wagner act. He has been sympathetic, where Godkin never was, to the less drastic forms of governmental economic control, yet his readers will remember that the New Deal has not found in him one of the stanch supporters of its major reforms. He has been vigorously anti-imperialist and anti-militarist, and has always spoken out against oppression. Yet all these have tended to modify the tradition rather than transform it.

He has not sought to transform it, I suspect, because like the other liberals of his brand he has been unwilling to face the consequences of victory for a transformation of the economic structure. The most significant thing about Mr. Villard's book of memoirs is its omission of almost every strong movement, whether political or intellectual, toward genuine economic reform during the "fighting years" that

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women's suffrage. Trade-unionism, farm revolt, muckraking, trust-busting, the researches of Beard into constitutional origins, of Brandeis into financial concentration, of Veblen into the nature of business enterprise—all are conspicuously absent. There was a phase of T. R. that was not just histrionics and evasions—something called the "New Nationalism" that did much to educate people to the need for federal economic control. There was a phase of Wilson that was not the betrayal of pacifism—something called the "New Freedom" that left a genuine deposit of economic reform. There is a phase of F. D. R. that is not just war-mongering—something called the "New Deal" that has put America today in the forefront of progressive governments. It is significant that while half the book is devoted to Wilsons' dallyings and adventures with war and peace, three paragraphs dispose of the domestic achievements of his first administration. It is even more significant that Mr. Villard has almost nothing affirmative to say of the three recent reform Presidents—Wilson and the two Roosevelts—without whose concrete achievements the liberal slogans in America would today be far emptier and the prospects of democracy far bleaker than they are.

I suspect that at the root of Mr. Villard's hatred of the reform Presidents, there is the absolutism of the crusader for lost causes. The New Dealers and their labor allies have been taunted for their "neo-liberalism," and Mr. Villard has many times expressed indignation at their betrayal of the liberal tradition. Thurman Arnold has countered in his "Folklore of Capitalism" by jibing at the professional liberals who would rather lose and cling to their "ideals" than win by adapting them to a real world. The sickness of paleo-liberalism goes deep. It seems to contain fatality for failure. Mr. Villard, for example, has a sort of obsession with lost causes. It is significant that he has never been on the side of radical economic reform except when it has represented a lost cause. He is the great apostle of the "protest vote," having been for Debs in 1916 and for Norman Thomas in 1936. He was for Wilson until it looked as if he meant business in his fight with Wall Street; then he adopted Thomas Lamont's viewpoint of the unreasonableness of Wilson's attitude toward the House of Morgan. He was for F. D. R. until it turned out that he meant business with the New Deal and the political mobilization of labor and the reform of the Supreme Court; now he is writing in Frank E. Gannett's magazine, America's Future, along with those other liberals, Gannett and Amos Pinchot, and that Indiana statesman, ex-Representative Pettingil. I do not say that he shares their economic and social outlook. Most of what he shares is their bitterness against Mr. Roosevelt. He does not direct that bitterness point-blank at his economic and political program. He clothes it in the indignation of the pacifist with Mr. Roosevelt's militant foreign policy, in an austere Plutarchian view of what he considers Mr. Roosevelt's ambition, mendacity, treachery. But while he approaches the anti-Roosevelt encampment by a different entrance from the anti-New Deal and isolationist reactionaries, he comes out at the same door.

Ideas are weapons, but the ideas that Mr. Villard's liberalism marshals have long since lost their cutting edge in the struggle against the real enemies of a humane Ameri- [illegible] The Godkin tradition of liberalism started fight for power beneath its dignity, and its alienation from power has been so enduring that it has ended in an incapacity to envisage the implications, consequences and responsibilities of power. That is why it has always been a minority movement and has turned away in horror from the give-and-take of majority politics. That is why, for all its rhetoric and indignation, it has been in actual practice a passive liberalism. That is why Mr. Villard, cut off from the mass movements that make history, has been forced back on what Charles H. Cooley once called the "illusion of centrality." That is why his book never deals with the problems of class structure, economic planning, economic realignment, the struggle against reaction. That is why his comments on politics are personal, marginal, obsessive.

Mr. Villard has fought the good fight according to his own best lights. But the liberalism to which his fighting years have been devoted is an inadequate weapon. Pacifism and passivism are not enough. MAX LERNER

German Writers in America

Oskar Maria Graf, the author of this article, is a German novelist of commanding stature. When the Nazis failed to include his books among those to be forbidden, Graf issued a ringing challenge, "Burn My Books!" His prose works, built around the life of South German peasants and artisans, represent for Catholic Bavaria what Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks" does for the North German burghers. Three of Graf's novels have appeared in English: "Prisoners All" (Knopf), "The Station Master" and "The Wolf" (London). He is now completing a long autobiography that centers in the character of his mother, whose Catholic stability and sense of relativism form the pivot of his writings. Graf is the president of the German-American Writers' Association.—THE EDITORS

THE UNITED STATES is now becoming the home of German literature. New York is the new center of the literary life that used to exist in Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Prague. The literary exiles are faced with difficulties unparalleled even during the exodus of Germans after the revolution of 1848. Never before has emigration taken on this mass character; never before has it been enforced with such pitiless, organized thoroughness. And never before has the voice of the German exiles been so limited as it is today. Only the German section of Switzerland has the official privilege of reading and hearing them. Torn from their geographic and cultural roots, these exiles have lost everything of their home except their native tongue, the German language. And here too, their use of it becomes restricted on foreign shores.

Despite these physical and psychological estrangements, the German exiles in America are making themselves felt as a positive and guiding element. Through the efforts of individuals, and of the German-American Writers' Association, these writers, of whom Thomas Mann and Stefan Zweig are the most outstanding, are introducing elements of ferment that are bound to contribute to the literary life of their adopted country. At the same time, they are fully aware of the ways in which they, in turn, are being vitally

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In the Theatre. – Max Reinhardt, despite the finished quality of his art, has found a stimulus in Hollywood. American technique should prove particularly stimulating to the former Czech "Free Theatre," which is being revived here. The "American" character of its productions has been noted abroad. It is under the direction of Voscovec and Werich, two exceptional figures, who write their own pieces, direct and act in them. These progressive artists were forced out of Prague after the Munich surrender, some months before the final invasion. Erwin Piscator, whose bold stagecraft excited Berlin theatregoers for years, and who has also worked in Russia and France, has brought with him a number of new projects. Among these is the plan to stage a Broadway dramatization of Tolstoy's "War and Peace"—something we can look forward to.

Dramatists. – Ferdinand Bruckner and Ernst Toller have been particularly active here. Bruckner introduced a new style in post-war German drama with his "Adolescence," "Criminals," "Elizabeth of England" and "Races." He is now at work on a play ("Napoleon I") dealing with the nature of dictatorships. Ernst Toller, well known for his political activities and his expressionistic dramas, has just completed a play entitled "Pastor Hall." Its subject is the conflict between the Church and Nazi paganism. The problem of religious rebellion against Hitlerism is also the theme of the talented dramatist H. H. Borchardt, whose "Die Bluttat und Germersheim" ("The Murder and Germersheim") was well received in Germany. Friedrich Wolf, the author of "Professor Mamlock," and Bert Brecht, whose "Mother" was produced by the Theatre Union, are on their way to this country to participate in the American Writers' Congress this summer.

Novelists. – Most of the prominent novelists of post-war Germany now live in or near New York City; only Bruno Frank is in Hollywood. Frank is one of our most cultivated and scrupulous stylists. His recent novel, "Cervantes," has rightly been hailed as an enduring contribution to literature. The Austrian novelist, Hermann Broch, has always stood apart. His powerful work is epic in its scope and psychologically penetrating. His trilogy, "The Sleepwalkers," depicts the transformation of a German in the last thirty years. He is at present writing a novel on Virgil. Martin Gumpert, who wrote a biography of Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross, is completing an autobiographical work. The well known Viennese writer of travel books and novels, Arnold Höllriegel, is planning a book on the last two years of Robert Louis Stevenson's life. Höllriegel has also done highly commendable work in behalf of the German exiled writers. The Berlin novelist, Peter Flamm, is about to publish "Verfahren gegen Unbekannt" ("Proceedings Against John Doe"). A similar subject is the theme of Albert Lestoque's "Menschen in Aktendeckeln" ("Red Tape People"), an attack upon the legal profession by a man who was himself a public prosecutor. And we have just learned that Alfred Döblin, known to Americans by his two-volume novel, "Alexanderplatz," will be here in May as guest of the Pen Club.

Philosophers and Critics. – The most important of these [illegible] of this Age") has provoked wide discussion. Bloch is a highly original and stimulating thinker. He is now finishing a book, "Die Träume vom besseren Leben" ("Dreams of the Better Life"), which is a kind of psychological interpretation of the Utopian attitude. The economist Alfons Goldschmidt, now at a Mexican university, is known through his books on South America and the Soviet Union. In pre-Hitler days, Rudolph Kayser was a reader for the large publishing house, S. Fischer. His book on Spinoza shows competent handling of complex material.

Among the younger critics are Joachim Schumacher and Will Schaber. Schumacher's "Die Angst vor dem Chaos" ("Fear of Chaos") is one of the most brilliant contributions to the dilemma of our time. Schaber has recently published two significant books, "Kolonialwaren machen Weltgeschichte" ("Colonial Products Make World History") and "Weltbürger—Bürgen der Welt" ("World Citizens—Vouchers for the World"). His interest in political philosophy is evidenced by his work in progress, "Grosse Protestanten" ("Great Protestants"). A vital critic is to be found in Erich Franzen, formerly literary editor of Die Frankfurter Zeitung, who has recently been turning his attention to American literature. And I am glad to note that Kurt Pinthus, the prominent representative of the expressionistic movement, has also been able to continue his fruitful work here.

The Youngest Group. – Proof of the stamina of the German exiled writers is offered by the youngest group, who are continuing their production despite enormous difficulties. Erika Mann has published "Schools for Barbarians," a study of education in the Third Reich. The book is appearing in German also. Klaus Mann has collaborated with his sister on a book that has just appeared, "Escape to Life," describing the exodus of German artists and intellectuals. One of the most gifted of the younger social lyricists, Stefan Heym (he is the editor of the German weekly, Das Deutsche Volksecho), has completed a novel, "Die letzten Tage von Prag" ("The Last Days of Prague"). Walter Schoenstedt gained considerable prominence through his novel "In Praise of Life," which Farrar and Rinehart published both in English and German. His forthcoming novel, "American Symphony," deals with the problem of the gradual assimilation of a German into American life. An impressive critic is Günther Anders, a student of Brecht, who is collaborating on a "Deutsche Kinderfibel für Morgen," a school text for German children of tomorrow, in anticipation of a liberated Germany.

Besides Stefan Heym, the journalistic field is represented by Toni Sender, Gerhard H. Seger (both were formerly members of the German parliament) and Manfred Georg. Georg was for many years editor of the Berlin Acht-Uhr-Abendblatt and is the author of an excellent biography of Theodore Herzl. Karl Jakob Hirsch, one of the contributors to Seger's Neue Volkszeitung (published here), is the author of the charming novel "Das Kaiserwetter" ("Wonderful Weather"). Two younger writers have just arrived, the Austrian lyric poet, Ernst Waldinger, known for his rigorous verse forms, and Hans Wallenberg, who was condemned to remain in Hitlerland until 1937.

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recently completed a German translation of an anthology of American poetry.

I cannot even enumerate the experts in the natural and social sciences, the actors, musicians and composers (Kortner, Ernst Deutsch, Schnabel, Eisler, Weill, etc.). But even this brief survey indicates how many creative personalities are here to make the value of the German mind available to the American public. It is a foregone conclusion that their work will show the impact of America upon them, an interchange between the European tradition in its struggle for freedom and the traditions of the democracy that has offered them a haven. OSKAR MARIA GRAF

Books in Review

The Historian as Prophet

NO DEADNESS OR DULLNESS lurks anywhere in Professor Schuman's history of the last six years of crisis and fatality in the international affairs of Europe. It is, he says truly, "a book of record and a book of judgment." (He takes this back verbally two pages later: "As a 'social scientist' . . . I have striven in these pages for analysis, not indictment"; but there is no inconsistency of essential thought. Analysis is requisite to determine the natural result of actions; to recognize this result is to judge.) The book is massive with solid information, brilliantly presented. Seldom is such "commanding industry" found together with such force and felicity of statement. Some of the quotations from literature are of a deadly appositeness. Quite exceptional is the sense of the background of each scene, the imaginative hold on the elements of the fateful drama that was playing—for example, in the account of Berchtesgaden and of Godesberg. A great canvas is before the author and he depicts—in the main, it must be said, justly—the motives, figures and forces of the most astonishing breakdown of human progress in history.

But not altogether justly. We could have begged him to omit his theory of a deliberate collusion between Chamberlain and Hitler, an elaborate piece of public pretense to deceive the British and French peoples. It does not fit the day-to-day facts in their detail. Space fails here in which to demonstrate this. Moreover, Mr. Chamberlain is not possessed of "sheer political genius." He has been guilty in the business, from his own point of view, of gratuitous blunders of expression. He is a man of narrow mind, of rigid and consistent will, who, upheld by an inner clique of sympathizers and a large parliamentary majority controlled by relentless party discipline, has been able to carry off by stages a policy of international illegality and of obtuse and callous brutality. Incidentally, he would not have entrusted dangerous secrets from the British public to so faithless a confidant as Hitler. Above all, British statesmen are far too wedded to hand-to-mouth methods for any such premeditated and melodramatic plot. Properly looked at, the run of moral commentary in the book does not impair the effect of weighty judgment; but this theory unfortunately does impair it.

Again, is it not a trifle hasty to assume that the degrading story is due to a "cultural decadence"? That too much ignores the role of chance. Napoleon said that in a hundred years Europe would be "republican or Cossack." Well, it is becoming Cossack. And the contagion of method did literally happen to come from the barbarism of the Russian Tsardom, reflected by Marxist rebels, whose methods were then consciously reproduced by Italians and by Germans. It took hold of countries where democracy had no roots. Its Marxist form did naturally frighten the comfortable classes in Britain and France. Had it not been, however, for the weakness of one man, MacDonald, who betrayed his party and his cause in August, 1931, and the dearth and poor quality of Labor and Liberal leadership since (due to accident, not "cultural decadence"), the "national government" with its long reign and its disastrous crop of international consequences would not have existed. And there would have been a much more formidable opposition to any Conservative government. MacDonald took with him Snowden, who caused the overwhelming victory at the following election. Even last summer a "Midlothian campaign" would have checked Chamberlain. The absence of adequate leadership is a chronic failing, though in seasons of upheaval its consequences are more calamitous.

As to the vital question of British statesmanship last summer, judgment must largely turn on whether Hitler meant to cross the frontier if it would mean general war. We must agree with Professor Schuman (though we cannot accept even his "perhaps") that he did not. The reasons for such a conclusion are overwhelming. The idea of bringing France, Britain and Russia to terms by a brief and terrible bombardment from the air offered no *certainty*: no one could surely say in advance whether in three or four months the three countries would not be aroused to an unyielding fury. Hitler is one of the most calculating of men, who uses the emotional part of his nature and his available madness of manner to cow opposition. The Munich rising of 1923 made him wary for life. The strain of such a war would shortly have brought down his regime. Its direction must largely go to the generals. Hitler is an expert in threatening war but not at all in waging it. He would have been giving up the sphere of his steady and magnificent triumph for a new element which he could not count on controlling. Moreover, the entire history of his chief moves, the Rhineland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia last May, shows that he was not prepared to face force. Why should he make war when he had proved that he could attain the same end by making faces? If he ventures it later, it will be because he has placed himself

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How Not to Be a Genius

Enemies of Promise, by Cyril Connolly. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 348 pages. $2.75.

I CAN IMAGINE no more valuable gift for a nephew with literary ambitions than this book. The great masters he will discover for himself; technique and taste cannot be taught. All that experience can do for youth is to warn and, as far as I know, Mr. Connolly is the first person to say what it is like to be a serious writer in the twentieth century, to talk about such writing as a career like banking or plumbing.

"Enemies of Promise" is divided into three sections. The first is an examination of the relative virtues and vices of recent literary styles, the style of the Dandy (Ronald Firbank), the Mandarin (Lytton Strachey) and the Tough Guy (Ernest Hemingway), and an attempt to relate them to the social conditions of the last thirty years. The second section tries to answer the question "Why do so many young writers of talent today fail to develop? Why are their first books so often their best?" The last is an autobiography of Mr. Connolly's childhood and school days.

Such a combination of criticism with autobiography is a feature of our time. André Gide was the first to do it, and his example has been followed by others, notably Mr. Isherwood in "Lions and Shadows" and Mr. MacNeice in "Modern Poetry: A Personal Essay." There is a close relation between the ideas which men hold and the way in which they live. In a slowly changing society the ideas of an individual are the ideas of his class; that is the meaning of the word Tradition. The development of industrial civilization, by enormously accelerating the speed of historical change, and by splitting up the old dual or three-class structure of society into smaller and smaller units, has already destroyed tradition. The life of each individual is becoming increasingly unique.

Until the nineteenth century, each class had traditional standards which were high enough to give the individual who had acquired them the right to call himself mature, but what passes for tradition in modern society, or any section of it, is so feeble that to accept it is to perish.

The individual who desires maturity must go on alone, hoping that he will be able to reach a reasonable standard before he has committed any irrevocable mistake, or been overtaken by the natural waning of his physical powers. There has never been an age when it was more necessary to look after one's health and keep an honest diary.

There is one great psychological class division in English society, the division between those who have been educated at a public school (*Amer.*, Preparatory School) and those who have not; and it is impossible for a foreigner to realize how profound that division is.

Some six percent of the population, from the age of eight to the age of twenty-one, spend three-quarters of each year away from home in small communities made up exclusively of members of their own class and sex. In the best of these communities, they receive an excellent academic education, perhaps the best in the world. The letters and diaries, for example, quoted on pages 255-260, 267-271, are an indictment of the chief aim of these schools. The beliefs they inculcate are summed up by Mr. Connolly thus:

1. Character is more important than Intellect.
2. Intellect is usually found without Character (Oscar Wilde).
3. Best of all is Character plus Prettiness. Prettiness alone is suspect, like Intellect alone, but Prettiness that is good at games is safe.

From the six percent who undergo this education, come most of England's rulers and writers. It is impossible to understand modern English literature until one realizes that most English writers are rebels against the way they were educated, and it is impossible to understand the strength of the English ruling class until one realizes where it comes from. For the English are right; character and personal charm *are* politically more important than Intellect. The public-school boy comes away with a first-class political training, but one which he can only use in the interests of six percent of the nation, for that is all the nation he knows. Democrats, who rightly condemn the English system for its one-class nature, can learn a good deal from it.

Further, so can writers. Many faults in the work of English writers are due to their blind reaction: realizing that what their teachers meant by Character was something morally despicable, they are tempted to reject Character altogether, and in this they are mistaken, for, though their teachers were wrong in supposing the only desirable character to be that of a tea-planter, they were still right in saying that character is more important than intellect, even for the artist.

In fact, the second section of "Enemies of Promise" is an account of the dreadful things that happen to intelligent young writers who lack character. The enemies are listed as lack of money, politics, day dreams and conversation, drink, journalism, sex, success and failure. I cannot do better than quote Mr. Connolly:

> What ruins young writers is overproduction; the need for money is what causes overproduction.
>
> An outside job is harmful to a writer in proportion as it approximates to his vocation.
>
> For sensitive writers, canvassing, making speeches and pamphleteering are not the best medium. . . . To command a listening senate, however, is the secret ambition of many. . . . Among the hardest workers in political parties will be found, like Rimbaud at Harar, those whom the god has deserted.
>
> Drunkenness is a substitute for art; it is in itself a low form of creation.
>
> If, as Dr. Johnson said, a man who is not married is only half a man, so a man who is very much married is only half an artist.
>
> The best thing that can happen to a writer is to be taken up either very late or very early, either when old enough to take its measure, or young enough to be dropped by society with his life before him.
>
> The health of a writer should not be *too* good.
>
> A writer works best at an interval from an unhappy love affair, or after his happiness has been secured by one more fortunate.
>
> A writer suffering from financial difficulties is only good for short-term work, anything long will remain unfinished. And if he has too much money—unless he has had it all his life—he will spend it, and that is also a substitute for creation.

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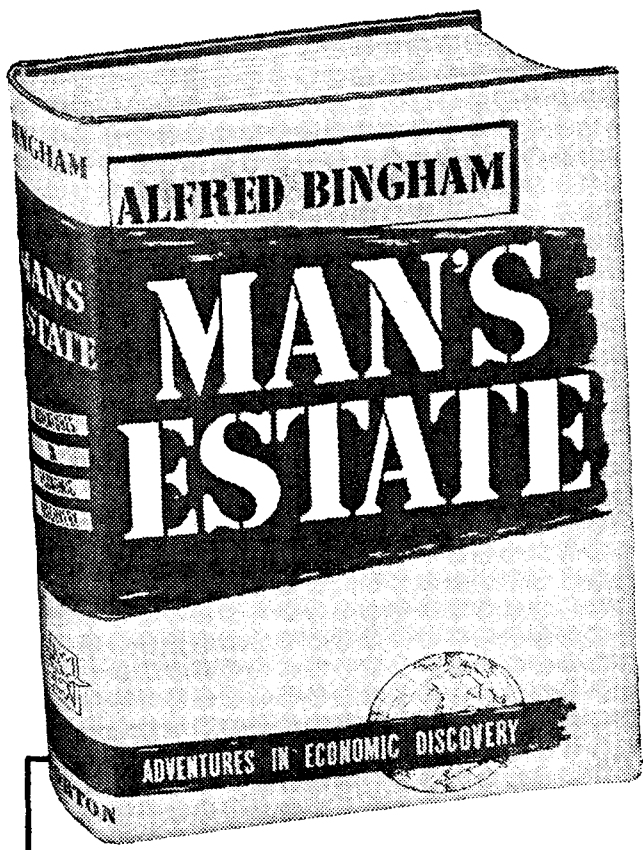

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down with them. . . . It is by a blend of lively curiosity and intelligent selfishness that the artists, who wish to mature late, reach a fruitful senescence. They cannot afford to associate with those who are burning themselves up, or preparing for a tragedy, or whom melancholy has marked for her own.

In pointing out the temptations that beset every writer, Mr. Connolly indicates by implication what kind of character a writer needs. Perhaps, after all, he is a truer son of St. Wulfric's than either he or the unpleasant authorities of that unpleasant establishment would care to admit.

W. H. AUDEN

Publishers' Time Capsule

A History of American Magazines, by Frank Luther Mott. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Vol. II, 1850-1865, 624 pages; Vol. III, 1865-1885, 664 pages. $5 each.

HERE, in their sober dark-red bindings, and illustrated with cuts from sources as dissimilar as Harper's Weekly and The Police Gazette, are the second and third volumes of a work which, when finished, will tell the story of American magazine publishing from the appearance of Andrew Bradford's American Magazine in 1741 to that, presumably, of the latest and most candidly photographic weekly or most efficiently digestive monthly in 1938—or later. In a first volume Professor Mott, who is director of the School of Journalism at the University of Iowa, has already traced the history of American periodicals, not newspapers, from the days of Andrew Bradford and Benjamin Franklin to the days of Eliakim Littell (of The Living Age) and Rufus Wilmot Griswold (of Graham's); and in these middle volumes—there are eventually to be five—he carries it on to the period of Lippincott's, of St. Nicholas, of Puck.

It is as a kind of archeology—and not at all as the history of letters or of ideas—that Professor Mott has conceived his task; and if his work is disappointing in its superficial treatment of the social energies and intellectual pressures that, in controlling American life, have made American magazines what they were or are, it is full of value and interest on a more modest level. One may get no new and sharp impressions from these volumes of the real meaning of Harper's Ferry or the railroad strikes of 1877 or the popularization of Darwin, but he will learn all that is probably worth knowing about the rates of pay for magazine writers, the relative circulation of periodicals, the effects of financial crises on subscription lists, the progress of typography and illustration, the development of police gazettes and cheap miscellanies, and especially the rise and fall of fashions, crazes and sports. He will learn of a whole underworld or inner circle of subliterary or technical or specialized periodicals whose existence he may barely have suspected before Professor Mott industriously dragged them out of their oblivion. He will find in these hospitable pages, side by side with The Atlantic and DeBow's, a violent but forgotten Copperhead monthly called The Old Guard, a group of oil-field periodicals that include The Petroleum Monthly and The Oil City Derrick, such somber trade magazine," Babyland, and sporting sheets like The Velocipedist and The Billiard Cue.

About the most useful sections of Professor Mott's three volumes are those devoted to separate historical sketches of what he regards as the leading magazines of each period; and in the two present volumes we have, in a brief form, the whole story of Harper's, of The Atlantic, of Puck and of some seventy-four other periodicals of the decades between 1850 and 1885. An unconscious process of selection, however, has gone on here; and though Professor Mott finds room for such relatively insignificant titles as The Danville Quarterly Review and Demorest's Monthly Magazine, he has found no space for even a two or three-page sketch of some one of the farm journals of the agrarian revolt—of The Prairie Farmer, let us say—or of any of the workers' periodicals of the seventies and eighties—of The Workingmen's Advocate, the organ of the National Labor Union, for example, or that remarkable weekly of the eighties, John Swinton's Paper. Professor Mott mentions all these and other such magazines, but he has not felt them to be worth the kind of detailed treatment he has given to Beadle's Home Monthly and The American Journal of Philology. It is a serious gap—a gap which some other writer will have to fill—in an otherwise admirable work.

NEWTON ARVIN

Selling Communism

World Revolutionary Propaganda: A Chicago Study, by Harold D. Lasswell and Dorothy Blumenstock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 419 pages. $4.50.

MANY SOCIAL SCIENTISTS are advocates rather than analysts. They too often ignore the sound Machiavellian tradition of concentrating upon the means rather than the ends of social control. Lacking a rigorous methodology, they content themselves with espousing causes or compiling data. Their "science" therefore remains a muddle or a myth.

For these reasons, among others, the publication of "World Revolutionary Propaganda" is a refreshing and significant event. The authors deserve thanks and congratulations. Dr. Lasswell, recently of the University of Chicago, is now with the William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation of Washington and is a visiting lecturer at Yale. Miss Blumenstock (now Mrs. J. E. Jones) was formerly his research assistant. Together they have made an admirable contribution to the all-too-few case studies of public action in terms of the total social context of behavior and of the policies that determine political success or failure.

Among the intellectually curious their book will be deemed as important for its method as for its content. "HDL," with what I assume to have been good literary advice from "DEB," here carries further the vocabulary and technique of the "configurative analysis" of politics, outlined in his "Psychopathology and Politics" and in "World Politics and Personal Insecurity." No more incisive or illuminating procedure of social investigation is [illegible] contemporary students of a sick society. This

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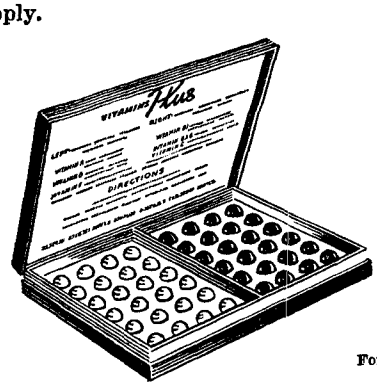

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set forth in the book. It will occupy a central position among the foundation-stones of the social science of the future.

Laymen will doubtless be more interested in the subject matter. This volume offers a detailed survey of Communist propaganda tactics in Chicago between 1930 and 1934. To Communists, non-Communists and anti-Communists alike, it is worth more than reams of resolutions from Moscow or tons of reports from the Dies committee. Here, carefully compiled and ingeniously presented, are the slogans, songs, posters, emblems and other advertising devices of the CP. Here also are colorful accounts of meetings and demonstrations; sketches of local leaders; descriptions of police tactics and defense measures; and dramatic tales of relief crises, eviction riots and much dubious battle. The documents, photographs and tables constitute a valuable exhibit. There is likewise an exciting treatment of "the local balance of indulgence and deprivation" and a penetrating evaluation of the channels, techniques and volume of "subversive" propaganda.

"In a sense," say the authors, "our report is a study of how Communist propaganda failed." In the face of widespread unemployment and an undeniable "collapse of capitalism" in a major industrial metropolis, the CP was not effective in winning a mass following. Its propaganda "in some cases achieved the opposite of what it aimed at. . . . The chief function of the Third International in America has been to expedite the rejection of the Russian Revolution." The reasons for failure are here set forth in terms of a politico-economic diagnosis and a social psychology far more adequate than any hitherto brought to bear upon such problems. The authors show by concrete example how the CP in its pre-1935 line needlessly antagonized Socialists and liberals; how it committed a strategical error in concentrating on the unemployed ("By appealing to the personalities with the deepest anxieties, Communist propaganda recruited unstable human material"); how it provoked reaction among patriots and individualists; and how public agitational activity for limited objectives at once reduced suicide and crime and helped to buttress the social status quo through the harmless dissipation (catharsis) of insecurities. All of which makes "must" reading for those seriously concerned with contemporary conflicts of creeds and classes.

The hope may be ventured that Dr. Lasswell or Miss Blumenstock or both will apply the same approach to the decay of liberalism and the diffusion of fascism. It is also to be hoped that business leaders and legislators may be included among the readers of "World Revolutionary Propaganda," to the end that futile efforts to repress the symptoms of "unrest" may be discontinued and that more constructive attention may be given to the insecurities which drive men and women into political fanaticism. This volume shows, though inadvertently, that most current methods of "fighting communism" are even more short-sighted than the propaganda techniques of the Communists themselves. The Party has since learned much from experience. The neglect of its newest line is an unfortunate omission from the book. The ultimate fate of world revolution will depend upon whether the enemies of communism

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Two Novels

Hawk Among the Sparrows, by Desmond Hawkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

BEST DESCRIBED, I think, as a study of the submerged fantasies of the middle class, this novel is constructed on the theory that actions are compulsive rather than conscious. Mr. Hawkins is concerned with the ulterior motives that condition our actions: the suppressed desires, the half-dreams which go on continually beneath the daily surfaces, and which, every now and then, irrupt and astound us with ludicrous or terrible interruptions of our routines.

Mrs. Sparge is a blowsy ex-actress in early middle age, a sort of genteel cockney Marion Bloom. She lives with her commonplace husband and her young niece Ellen, who does the housework, in a fairly comfortable home on the edge of the moors. The Sparges decide to make use of a spare room by taking in a lodger, a certain Mr. Kipter, who is not so "very intellectual" but will do, Mr. Hawkins explains, "for an illustration." Mr. Kipter represents the intellect, you understand. The Sparges represent various degrees of feeling. Mr. Kipter is the hawk among the sparrows, the mind among the feelings.

The hawk flutters the sparrows. "Their behavior changes when he is near. . . . The hawk, you may be sure, is a great subject of conversation among them." Mrs. Sparge carries on a subconscious seduction of him; her husband subconsciously resents him; young Ellen is subconsciously stirred by his mere proximity to seek erotic adventure. And while all this is seething, the innocent hawk carries on long philosophical discussions with a clergyman in a pub, which provide a kind of explanatory chorus accompanying the narrative.

Desmond Hawkins is a young English literary critic (he used to write a quarterly fiction review for The Criterion) and this is his first novel. There is no doubt at all that he is an accomplished writer. Here he has chosen a theme of minor importance, and treated it with too much seriousness, with the result that his subtlety tends to be mere preciosity. But he says fine things finely.

MICHAEL SAYERS

Born of Woman, by Raymonde Vincent. Translated by George Libaire. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

THIS IS A BOOK for French recruiting officers to hang a speech on, come war. In his furious tract "Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune," published last year, M. Georges Bernanos wept that France and the Church had lost their souls. To find those souls, or a France worth living and dying for, some excavating would have to be done, back to the times of kings and peasants (just as a number of recent American writers are trying to dig beneath our debris to solid ground of value in Washington and Lincoln). Not a sentence in "Born of Woman" indicates that Miss Vincent had any political ideas in writing, but this must be the France M. Bernanos had in mind. It isn't a time past, for the story is so recent that it runs through and beyond the Great War. It isn't even a place, for ex-

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that are peculiarly French, the lives might be those of any simple peasants bred in an old religious tradition. It is chiefly a way of accepting life.

After reading, you have to think back to realize there is a story at all; life flows along so smoothly. A young girl and her grandmother are given a home with a relative, a master farmer who has lived through a period of disintegration after the death of his wife. His elderly sister recreates a home for him and his children. Everybody works on the farm or in the house, the children prepare for first communion, for confirmation, the eldest son goes to the remote war and is killed, finally the girl and the second son marry —unstressed, unexceptional events in European life, but each a deep experience because spiritual preparation has made it memorable. The war is something far away, something that takes husbands from their wives and sons from their fathers, horrible because it is a desecration of another great experience for which there should be dignified preparation—death. It would have been easy for the author to have injected an alien excitement or drama into a story that must make its impact by projection of a grace of the spirit or not at all. She has avoided the temptation.

B. E. BETTINGER

The French Have a Word for It

The Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

"THE THIBAULTS," by the Nobel Prize winner, Roger Martin du Gard, is what the French call a *roman fleuve*. While the term is ordinarily used, I believe, to designate any novel that just keeps rolling along, its application here is even more precisely descriptive. Into the ample, sluggish stream of what is officially a family history, the author has dumped all the intellectual baggage of the early twentieth century, and it is the appearance of this jetsam that gives the work its air of seriousness and scope.

The family history, especially the first half, which is here translated, is banal enough. A French bourgeois family, Catholic in religion, is a little set off from the rest of the world by its wealth, its violence and its pride. The father is an industrialist and philanthropist, a model citizen in public, a tyrant at home, a man who can build a model reform school for delinquent boys and then incarcerate his younger son in it. His two sons, firmly held to him by ties of blood, are nevertheless engaged in a tireless struggle to throw off his personal and intellectual dominance. The elder, Antoine, is a doctor, a child's specialist, independent, rational, egotistic, cold, yet touched with generosity and liable to gusts of a rather bullish type of sexual desire. The younger, Jacques, is a literary person, ingrown, rebellious, uncouth in appearance and manners but of a delicate and pure sensibility. In dealing with the old man, Antoine is naturally the more successful of the two: by the simple exercise of discretion, he is able to establish a *modus vivendi*. Jacques, who is warm-hearted, can only run away.

Had Martin du Gard confined himself to this story, he would hardly have received the respectful attention of critics or the Nobel Prize. The machinery of the plot works with

after each gap of several years, to have two characters tell each other the events of the interim. It is also a novel that depends a good deal on surprise for its effects, but Martin du Gard drops such broad hints that the reader, who should have been taken unawares, is worn out waiting for what he knows is in store for him. Of the characters, none is remarkable. M. Thibault is rather well done, in the manner of a heavy oil portrait of the realistic school. It is, however, a character which the French have been doing well since the Middle Ages, when that essentially middle-class figure, the complacent, substantial, unconscious hypocrite, first made his appearance on their social scene. The sons achieve a mere vocational plausibility. The picture of Jacques lacks corroborative detail; he is the Artist in the abstract, innocent, so far as the reader knows, of an ordinary day-to-day existence. Antoine is more fully documented, but it is only as the Scientist that he makes sense: the contradictions between the heat of his sex life and the chill of his mind are never set in intelligible relation to each other.

But "The Thibaults" is not simply the study of a French family. Martin du Gard has taken Tolstoy for a model and, with this family for a center, has attempted to show a society as a whole. Thus the work contains, besides the usual elements of a novel, generous trial samples of modern science, modern literature, modern art, practical politics, religion, war, socialism and pacifism. The difficulty is, however, that these topics have not really been woven into the novel, but merely added to it. The result is not so much a novel of history as a historical grab-bag. Again the treatment is too abstract. Just as the vocational lives of the Thibault sons are never properly moored to an experiential reality, so these larger subjects are never securely attached to the Thibaults themselves. The author shows his people discussing religion or socialism far more often than he shows religion or socialism acting upon them to modify behavior. In the second half of the novel he makes a great point of his awareness of Marxist thought; he is clearly trying to write a social novel; yet he never lets the reader know what M. Thibault's business is. This inability to see either people or ideas in their dynamic aspect comes down finally to the inability to understand either people or ideas. The most striking case of this failure of comprehension occurs toward the middle of the final volume, which has not yet appeared in English. There he makes a revolutionary character, who has hitherto looked and talked exactly like Lenin, turn into a political gangster who tries to provoke the World War with the object of hastening the advent of socialism.

For all its encyclopedic qualities, "The Thibaults" is not an important book. It is, however, a genuine literary curiosity. Industry and seriousness have been called in to substitute for talent, and the result is a work whose learned obtuseness is, so far as I know, unequaled in fiction. One must go to scholarship to find its match.[1]

MARY McCARTHY

[1] For a somewhat different judgment of "The Thibaults," consult our issues of December 29, 1937, and January 5, 1938. It seems to me that Miss McCarthy has been unfair to it at two points. First, there are episodes in the translated half of the novel—for example, Jacques' flight from home and Antoine's love affair with a cheap actress—that make remarkably good stories. Second, the still untranslated account of how France went to war—as told from the standpoint of a liberal [illegible]

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Van Gogh Himself

Letters to Emile Bernard by Vincent Van Gogh, translated and edited by Douglas Lord. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 124 pages, with 32 plates. $2.50.

AFTER THE SENSATIONALISM, melodrama and slush that have been served up to us in the name of Van Gogh during the last few years, an honest, intelligently produced translation of Van Gogh's letters to his young friend, the painter Emile Bernard, comes as a very much needed corrective.

For a long while Van Gogh's private misfortunes have provided high meat for the Sunday-magazine school of keyhole biographers. Art dealers and museum statisticians seemed to welcome the build-up; any publicity is good publicity if it has a drawing appeal. Meanwhile, Van Gogh, the artist, was lost in the drool. In the crowds that broke all records at the Museum of Modern Art's Van Gogh exhibition one heard such remarks as, "And after he cut off his ear, he left for the South Seas." But the publication in English of these letters should do much to reinstate the artist in his proper dignity. And as footnotes to his paintings, they are invaluable toward defining Van Gogh's place and interests in the growth of contemporary painting. In the twenty-three letters that make the body of this volume we have only the barest hints of the personal tragedy which was taking place as they were being written. In them, we have a kindly, human, magnanimous Van Gogh —ill, but fanatical only in his complete dedication to his art.

The period covered by these letters is roughly that of Van Gogh's stay at Arles. The first letter included is addressed from Paris, presumably in the spring of 1887; while the last letter to Bernard is given the date of mid-November, 1889, and written from St. Remy, where Van Gogh had entered the asylum the preceding May. As the correspondence progresses we are not only given an intimate insight into Van Gogh's ideals as a painter but we are also able to follow through them the development of the young school which at that period was breaking away from impressionism.

For example, we see Van Gogh encouraging Bernard's friendship with Gauguin in Brittany. This opened the way for Bernard to introduce the theories of the Symbolist poets to Gauguin. Out of it grew the Synthetist movement in painting, which was essentially a protest against the temperamental naturalism of Monet, and the disciplined scientific impressionism of Seurat. Gauguin felt that "the impressionists were searching around the eye and not at the mysterious center of the thought." Or as Van Gogh puts it in Letter IX, "It's more the intensity of thought than the tranquility of touch we are after." When Bernard brought the theories of Mallarmé and his colleagues to Brittany, Gauguin found in them the confirmation of his feeling for the importance of what the impressionists were conscientiously avoiding and what Van Gogh was pouring into his painting at Arles—the drama of emotional associations. For Van Gogh, "the only thing that matters is the force of one's expression" (Letter XIV).

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Again we see Van Gogh discovering in southern France a "Japanese" quality. His interest in Japanese prints crops up consistently throughout the letters. Like so many of his generation, Van Gogh was also seeking a new unification for the pictorial disorganization they saw in impressionism. Japanese prints had offered them a suggestion. And out of this Japanese vision of the Provençal landscape Van Gogh built his flat-pattern Synthetist canvases—"plane surfaces covered with colors assembled in a certain order."

As commentaries on Van Gogh's painting and the general evolution of European art in his period these letters to Emile Bernard are full of meat. And in Mr. Lord's presentation of them, the only point that one might be tempted to question is the somewhat unnecessary severity with which he treats Gauguin in his introduction.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

An American Pepys

A Diary of the French Revolution: 1789-1793, by Gouverneur Morris. Edited by Beatrix Cary Davenport. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two vols., 1,325 pages. $9.

ANY DIARY of such dimensions suggests at once a comparison with Pepys. Like the English diarist, Morris was a man of affairs, a spectator of historic events and a companion of the men involved in them, a social being with an ear for gossip, and a lover. Indeed one may argue that Morris deals with greater business interests, with a more significant period of history, with a social world which makes London of the Restoration seem provincial, and with a serious passion beside which Pepys's affairs were mere flirtations. It is true, Morris lacks the charm of style which makes Pepys a classic. He bores the reader with his minute accounts of his business interests and interviews, and his exact record of flittings from hostess to hostess. If both Pepys and Morris wrote for the entertainment of their own later years—and Morris certainly did not wish his diary published—it must be admitted that Pepys anticipated a more discriminating audience.

After a distinguished career as Washington's civilian aide-de-camp, and as maker and editor of the Constitution, Morris went to Paris early in 1789, and began his diary on March 1. Coming from the United States, he was at once accepted as an authority on revolution. From the beginning he was skeptical because, as he wrote Washington two months after his arrival, "The Materials for a Revolution in this Country are very indifferent." It was the "Prostration of Morals" which shocked his American conscience. "Paris is perhaps as wicked a Spot as exists. Incest, Murder, Bestiality, Fraud, Rapine, Oppression, Baseness, Cruelty; and yet this is the city which has stepped forward in the sacred Cause of Liberty." Even the men of best will, Necker, Lafayette, Montmorin, were deficient in intelligence or will power. "The Ministers contribute to the Destruction of Ministerial Authority without knowing either what they are doing or what to do—Gods! what a Theatre is this for a first Rate Character." In his judgment of men and events he reminds one of Greville. Of Lafayette he says: "He means ill to no one but the hoe-ho-D

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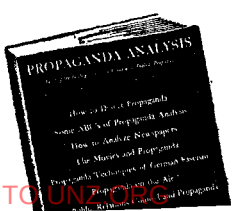

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intimate, is a "sly, cool, cunning and ambitious Man." His verdict on Mirabeau is a testament to that ambiguous character. "Completely prostitute, he sacrificed every Thing to the whim of the Moment—Venal, shameless; and yet greatly virtuous when pushed by a prevailing Impulse, but never truly virtuous because never under the steady Control of Reason nor the firm Authority of Principle."

In spite of his lack of confidence in the material of the Revolution, Morris continued to give advice to those who sought to control the storm which they had raised, even writing a speech for the King to deliver to the Assembly, and a long critique on the Constitution of 1791. He believed that a monarchy was necessary to France, an opinion which disconcerted those who took the model of revolution from the United States. He replied on one occasion to Lafayette's remonstrances: "I am opposed to the Democracy from Regard to Liberty." He advised Lafayette in a quite modern sense, not to be afraid of foreign war. The financial situation could be restored during war better than in peace. Moreover, "You want also Something to turn Men's attention from their present Discontents."

Through this twisted skein of politics and business runs the bright silver thread of Countess Flahaut. She had a husband, and an *amant en titre*—no less a person than Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, who was the acknowledged father of her son. Morris soon took the lead in this quadrilateral. His conditions, bluntly expressed—"That not only I could not be Meerly her Friend, but that she must be more or less than mine"—were accepted. Her demand that Morris should marry her was repulsed, and thenceforward he was the master, keeping her always the suppliant, apprehensive of abandonment. He excuses this cruelty with a refinement worthy of Casanova. "A commerce quite smooth and uninterrupted palls. If Difficulties do not arise they must be created, and altho an *Amie* would not thank the *Ami* who purposely gives Pain, it is nevertheless true that she thence derives her greatest pleasure." Other incitements Morris doubtless found in his successful rivalry with Talleyrand, then a coming man of the Revolution, and in treating the husband according to the *moeurs de Paris*. Having lent his carriage to Monsieur he records: "We take the Opportunity to decorate his Brow with the connubial Graces of the Country." As time goes on, a sharper stimulant is supplied by incongruity of circumstance and danger of surprise. Having accompanied his lady to a convent, while her spiritual adviser is being summoned: "We sacrifice to the Cyprian Queen in the Retreat consecrated to Chastity."

The affair is worth noting for the light which it throws on Morris' character, calm and calculating, and for its reflection of the world of which he became a part without ceasing to be in every sense an American. The love story of Madame Flahaut is also the chief source of literary value in the diary, in its idyllic contrast with the scenes of blood and terror in which it was framed. The end came suddenly. Morris was given official responsibility as Minister of the United States to France, his appointment accompanied by a reproach for levity from Washington. Thenceforth his efforts were directed to saving the life of the King and obtaining the release of Lafayette from Olmütz. Madame Flahaut fled to England, to join her Bishop and escape the

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New Books: A Reader's List

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DOCTRINES OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE, by M. Oakeshott (Macmillan, $3.50). The principal political tenets of parliamentary democracy, Catholicism, communism, fascism and Nazism, presented in an intelligent selection of authentic texts, some of them in first English translations. But to put side by side the inspirational utterances of Hitler and Mussolini and the thinking of J. S. Mill, Marx, de Tocqueville, Paine, etc. is damaging to the former, and scarcely courteous to the latter.

WHITE SETTLERS IN THE TROPICS, by A. Grenfell Price (American Geographical Society, $4). A monograph of exceptional value, dealing with the geographic, economic, ethnic and social problems of settlement in tropical countries, chiefly American and Caribbean, but including regional studies of Australia, Queensland and Africa. Dr. Price has assembled a vast amount of technical information relevant to one of the great problems of our time—the problem of refugees.

ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA, by Stephen Graham (Yale, $3). Covers much more ground than the title suggests, and shows the problems of this dictator state remarkably well. Has great topical value in its extraordinary story of Italian foreign policy and Mussolini's complicity in the murder of the King.

MY LIFE AND HISTORY, by Berta Szeps (Knopf, $3). Recollections of international personalities and diplomacy as seen by the daughter of a famous Austrian liberal editor. Interesting material on Prussian foreign policy under Bismarck, and much correspondence and material concerning the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. Takes the reader through sixty interesting years.

TRAITOR'S WAY, by Bruce Hamilton (Bobbs-Merrill, $2). The Fascists are scheming to force Great Britain into a war with Russia, but a convict just escaped from Dartmoor gets hold of the papers that reveal their plot. A fast-moving adventure novel for intelligent readers.

THE DEVIL WE KNOW, by Pamela Frankau (Dutton, $2.50). About a talented young Englishman whose Jewishness becomes such an obsession that it threatens to unbalance him. Miss Frankau's scrutiny, especially in the first half of the book, is keen enough to make the reader understand the problem, and kind enough to keep him caring how it turns out.

THEY STILL SAY NO, by Wells Lewis (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). A first novel by a twenty-one-year-old son of Sinclair Lewis that will be an embarrassment to him if he grows up to be a writer. It's the story of a Harvard freshman with little on his mind but the question of whether he can lose his virtue to a nice girl who will be safe. After a couple of hundred pages of honest but dull writing, we don't much care.

FLOWER OF SMOKE, by Felicia Gizycka (Scribner's, $2.50). A young girl not quite in love. She's the victim of post-war Vienna, thick-skinned New York and her own misguided sensitivity. You'd hardly expect her to have a perfect love life, and you're right. A perceptive, oblique novel, weakly resolved.

JUDAS, INCORPORATED, by Kurt Steel (Little, Brown, $2). Detective Hank Heyer is called to Connecticut to

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Contributors

ROBERT CANTWELL, author of "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty," is completing a new novel. He is on the staff of Time.

MEDICUS is the pseudonym of a leading psychiatrist, practising in New York City.

REXFORD G. TUGWELL was formerly Undersecretary of Agriculture and is now chairman of the New York City Planning Commission.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR. has been to the circus every year since he was four.

NAN FRANKLIN is the pseudonym of a journalist, formerly a correspondent in China, who writes freelance articles for various magazines.

EDMUND WILSON is working on a study of the modern conception of history called "To the Finland Station," sections of which have been printed in The New Republic.

MAX LERNER, formerly an editor of The Nation, is professor of Political Science at Williams College, and author of "It Is Later Than You Think." A new book of his essays, "Ideas Are Weapons," will be published this summer.

OSKAR MARIA GRAF is identified in the note preceding his article.

W. H. AUDEN is the author of "Poems" and "On This Island." With Louis MacNeice he wrote "Letters from Iceland," and with Christopher Isherwood he has written three plays, the most recent being "On the Frontier."

NEWTON ARVIN is an associate professor of English at Smith College. His book about Walt Whitman was published last fall by Macmillan.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is professor of Political Science at Williams College. His new book, "Europe on the Eve," was published last month.

MICHAEL SAYERS is an Irish short-story writer and playwright. He is living in Norwalk, Connecticut, and working on a novel.

B. E. BETTINGER, a member of the staff of The New Republic, has contributed book reviews to The Nation and The New York Herald Tribune Books.

MARY MCCARTHY, formerly an editor of Partisan Review, has contributed to The New Republic, The Nation and The Southern Review.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY is the author of "Plastic Redirections in Twentieth Century Painting." He is a lecturer on Fine Arts at the Graduate School of New York University.

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